

Jan 85 a guide to CTR fm 102 cable 100 no c

DISCORDER

1985

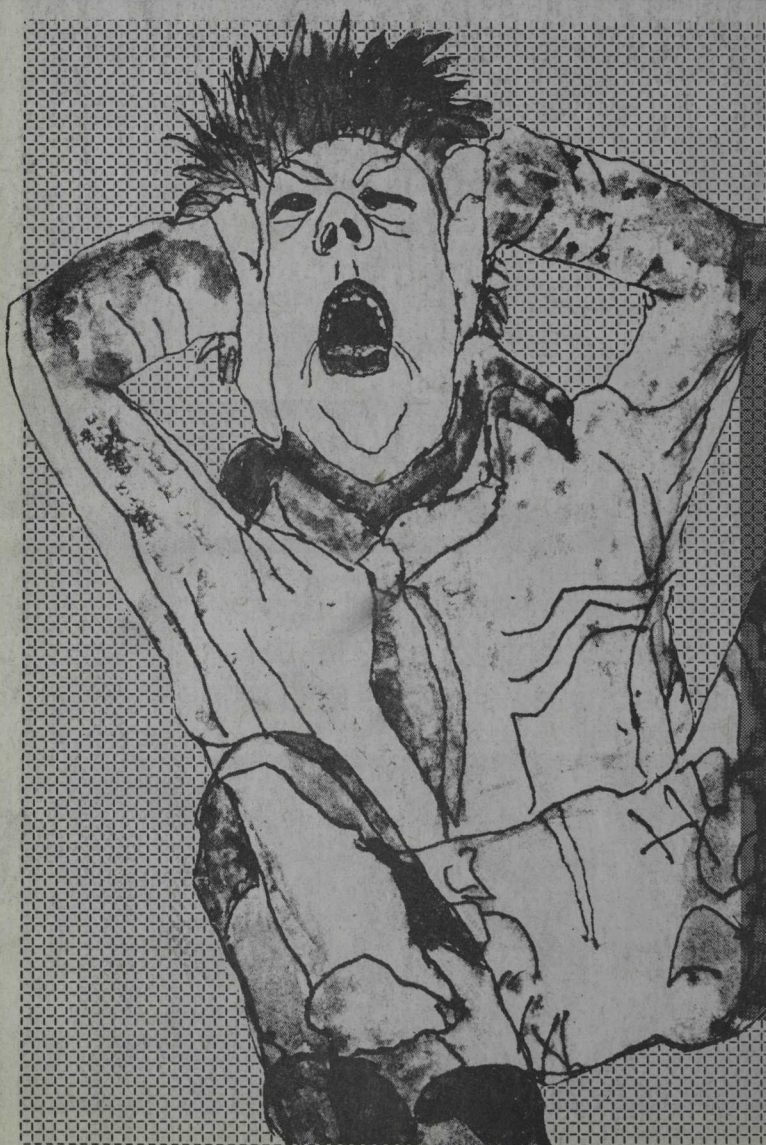
*Happy
New Year*

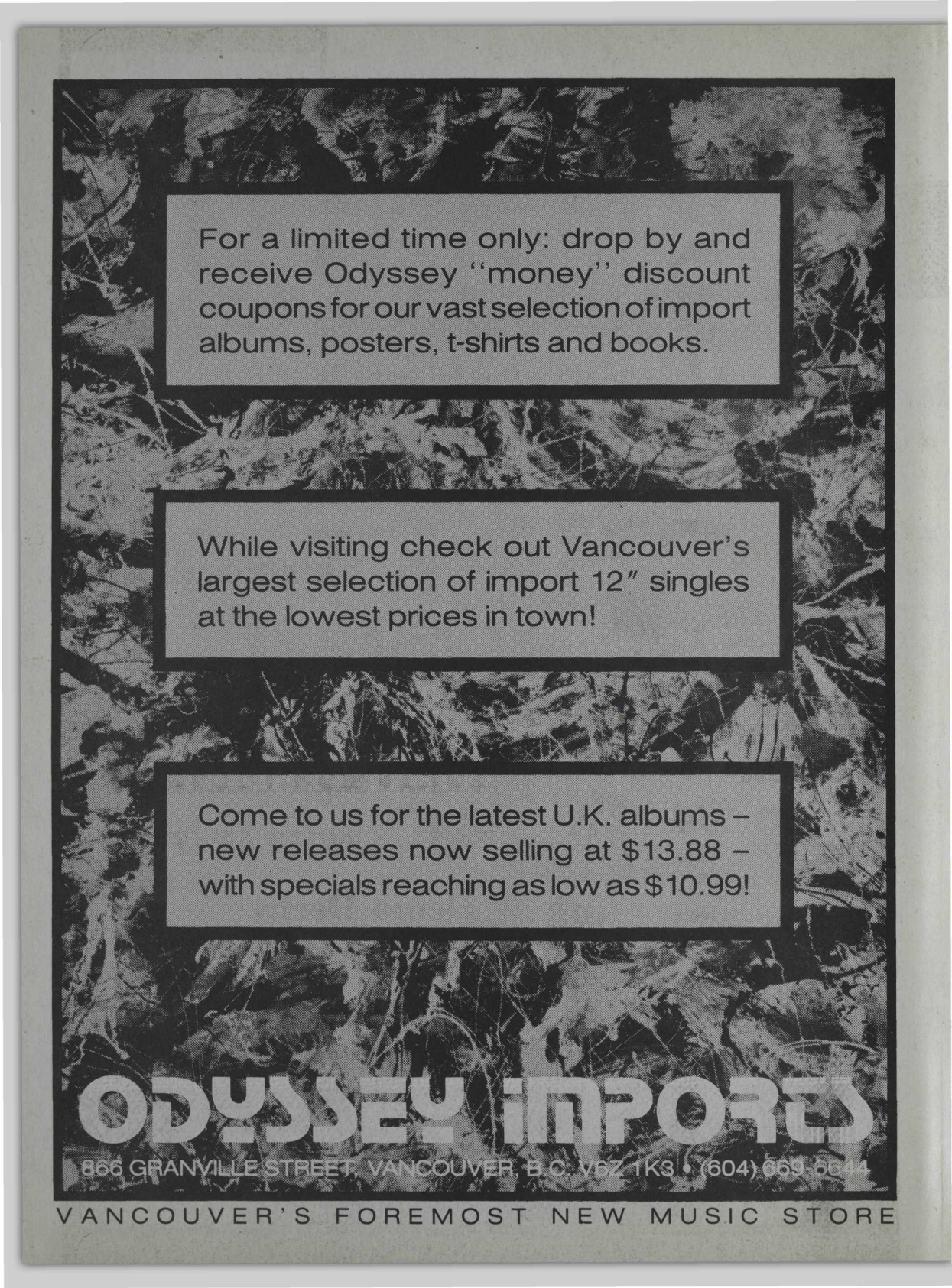
..in this issue..

SHINDIG

&

The
year
in
local
music





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VOL 2 NO.12

DISCORDER

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SHINDIG 10



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BLURB

Penance-is-our-middle-name dept. — OUR APOLOGIES TO: ...CAREL MOISEWITSCH: who was not given credit where credit was due for "The End Of The Nuclear Family" & "The Rise And Fall Of The Mohican Haircut" in last month's issue. Incidentally, both the "Nuclear Family" cartoon and the "Wonder Woman" cartoon (p. 6 this issue) are available as posters from Press Gang, 603 Powell St., 253-1224. Carel will also be appearing in R. Crumbs' "Weirdo Comics." R. FILBRANDT: who claims we've been gradually changing his name over the past few issues. Yes, we know. "Write anything you want, just spell my name right." That's R-F-I-L-B-R-A-N-D-T. DOWN SYNDROME: who are not "Downs Syndrome." The band wishes to explain that they do not wish to make light of the illness of those suffering from the disease of the similar name. "Down," in this case, refers to depression. Just thought we'd clear those few things up.

OVERHEARD

©1984
SUSAN
CATHERINE

.....AT AMERICA'S LUNCH COUNTERS



"Now here is something that I have never understood in my life. How thirteen females can get into my union."



"I said look Irene I know you think I'm just a dumb bunny from Arkansas. But I'm not from Arkansas."



"I said no, Cynthia, pantyraids are not at issue!"

DISCORDER

Issue #24

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Kelly's Electronic World
(Oakridge)
Neptoon Collectors' Records
New York Theatre
Octopus Books East
Vancouver East Cinema
Vancouver East Cultural Centre
Western Front Lodge

POINT GREY

A Piece of Cake
Cafe Madeleine
Dunbar Theatre
Duthie Books
Frank's Records & Books
University Pharmacy
Varsity Theatre
Video Stop
The Video Store
West Point Cycles

KITSILANO

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Deep Cove Bike Shop

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Cubbyhole Books
Paul's Music Sales & Rentals
Sam the Record Man

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Manhattan Books, Videomatica, The Edge, Black Market, F451 Books,
Camouflage, Zeet, X-Settera, Black Swan, and Montgomery Cafe.

...And the seige continues. It seems that Adele Hawley has opened up a rather large can of applesauce. Obviously, some of it has spilled and burned a hole in the floor here at CTR. So here it is, all red hot, behind the scenes dirt on the stars (?) of DISCORDER. Enjoy.

Dear Airhead,

Hurrah for Adele Hawley who wrote you last month running down DISCORDER (and CTR) as being sexist. I should know. In the past, I have submitted copy (on time) on record reviews for two different issues only to discover at the beginning of each month that Vinyl Verdict sentenced me to the floor of the editing room. Seems the infamous editor Chris Dafoe (of the male species) neglected to provide an explanation. In my frustrated fits of despair, I refrained from screaming out in vain, "Dafo-ck it!" But upon reviewing the contents of previous DISCORDERS, I decided to push harder against these walls of sexual discrimination.

Before I knew it I found myself working under the more superior leadership of slave-driver Dave Ball, laying about the layout room as the Program girl-Guider (the bondage role-playing was quickly solved with the purchase of a glue stick). At least I now have a source of input with the publication. But how long can a lonely Program Guider survive behind the scenes lacking the support of more talented women?

Certainly it's a man's world up



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here at CTR but I'm sure more equality can be established without a full scale sex war by simply working together with mutual respect.

It seems I'm incapable of writing anything up to DISCORDER's trashy standards. Besides, there's little room left after all the CD articles are included (oink, oink). I wonder how much of this letter (if any of it) will surface in the next issue. I assume I won't know until January, unless of course, Mr. Dafoe has the "Dave Balls" to inform me of his decision to cut me out.

Ah, the joys of working on DISCORDER. Not only are we trying to overcome DISCORDER's increasing growing pains and improve its format, but we are also open to any adjustments with the fine tuning.

A minority member,
Val Goodfellow

Dear Airhead,

As a regular contributor to DISCORDER, as well as doing DJ work at CTR, I took strong exception to the letter from Adele Hawley in December's issue. I feel that

the response to her remarks on sexism in CTR's programming was valid, but far too kind. I have just finished going through some of my own recent playsheets—of an average total of 43-49 titles per program, 50% OR MORE were written, performed and/or produced by women. Perhaps my own sentiments could best be expressed in the words of Annie Anxiety (a woman):

"...Sisters, if you present yourselves to the world as "WOMAN", subjugating self and basing decisions on genitalia, you're simply perpetuating the very bondage that has been used to separate, classify and contain women AND man for thousands of years... when will we grow beyond division?"

Sincerely,

Larry Thiessen

Dear Airhead,

You stated in the December DISCORDER that CTR chooses music based on merit rather than gender. Such a statement doesn't really mean very much in a sexist world. Each of us has been taught that so-called "masculine" qualities are superior to so-called "feminine" qualities. Therefore, whatever is considered to have merit is going to reflect that. Besides, who decides what has merit? CTR's Music Directors and most of the DJs are male. In order to get any airplay, a female artist has to prove to the men in charge that her music has merit by their loop-sided standards. Sure, sexist men can easily accept women who believe in the superiority of "masculine" qualities, because that is what they believe in themselves.

But that is not equality. Real equality involves each one of us accepting our complete selves. Each of us is made up of qualities that the world has labelled "feminine" and qualities that the world has labelled "masculine." Because

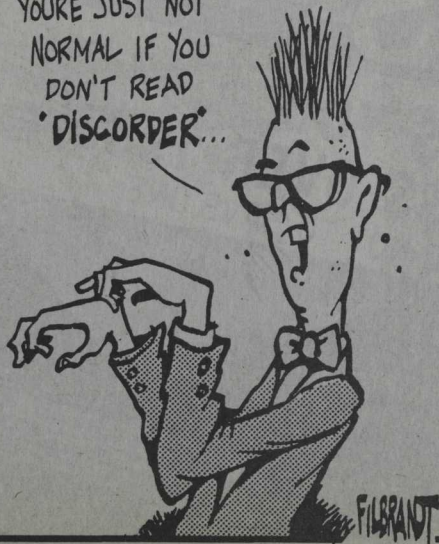
of childhood conditioning, most of us are over-emphasizing half of ourselves and suppressing the other half of ourselves. A person who accepts their entire personality knows that one aspect of themselves is not superior to any other aspect of themselves. A person who accepts all of their own personality has no problem understanding or accepting the idea of equality.

Every issue of DISCORDER seems to contain some criticism of feminists. This backlash comes from men who feel threatened by the idea of feminists having any power. It symbolizes the suppression of the "feminine" part of themselves; the part of themselves that they have been taught to be ashamed of. Violence is very appealing to men who are denying



by Carel Moiseiwitsch

YOU'RE JUST NOT
NORMAL IF YOU
DON'T READ
'DISCORDER'...



the "feminine" part of themselves.

Getting to be a complete human being is a very individual thing. It simply requires accepting all aspects of your own personality without labelling certain things as acceptable and other things as unacceptable. This can take time to understand because most of us do not even know that we aren't accepting all of ourselves. But I don't think there is a person alive who has not been taught to suppress some parts of themselves. So, my hope is that each one of us will keep searching for the missing parts of ourselves. And the place to look is the inside of our own hearts and souls, not outside in the fucked-up world.

Yours truly,
Marie Carlson

Have you checked behind the sofa cushions?

Dear Airhead,

I should first like to say that I am an avid reader of DISCORDER, although when I read "THNCK Of The Night," dated December 1984, I was upset, then offended, and then I saw red. I am referring, Sir, to Ammo Fuzztone's off-the-cuff little remark, "...And R.I.P. to Mink; with friends like yours, who needs enemies?" I imagine Mr. Fuzztone thought he was fairly brave saying a risqué thing like that—so brave he wouldn't even sign his god-damned name!

It is obvious from the flippancy of the remark that Mr. Fuzztone had not even met Mink, and did not know the circumstances of his death. I suppose in the loosest of terms, Mr. Fuzztone, you would call yourself a journalist, although I consider the terms "gossip columnist," "name dropper," and "garbage sifter" are more appropriate descriptions of your style of "writing." As a journalist, you must know the facts and consider the consequences of your writing before you publish it for all and sundry to read—it is obvious you did neither. We, his friends, were deeply offended and infuriated by your smug little aside. We are all still deeply upset by the loss of a dear friend, and then you, a complete stranger, come along and make a cheap, ignorant, self-righteous and vaguely accusatory statement like that. Why didn't you think before you wrote, you insensitive bastard. I shake with rage and my blood boils at the very thought of your unthinking, irresponsible, snotty little comment.

I am not unreasonable. A formal, written retraction and apology will suffice. In the meantime, why don't you try to get a job with *National*

WOMBAT

Dear DISCORDER,
It is extremely gratifying to us here at FOXCO that you young broadcasters look up to us so much that you want to give us head.
Best regards,
Pete Taylor
Promotions Director
C-FOX

No, sorry, we don't smoke.

Enquirer? I think you'd be more suited to their style of insidious crapola.

Yours angrily,
Sean Newton

I would not presume to provide authoritative clarification on behalf of Ammo Fuzztone, for any of his remarks. In this case, however, I think a comment is necessary. Speaking for myself, I found the remark more poignant than offensive. That is undoubtedly because I took it in a figurative rather than a literal sense, and I am pretty sure that it was the former in which Mr. Fuzztone meant the comment to be taken. Whether he knows you or anybody else who knew Mink is immaterial; that's not what he is talking about. The "friend" and ultimate enemy to which Ammo is referring is heroin—a shitty, stupid, dangerous drug.

Mink should know, it killed him; not to mention countless others unfortunate (and stupid) enough to associate themselves with it.

Airhead,

I am continually amazed and appalled at the cynical approach DISCORDER often takes toward the local scene. I, for one, am getting pretty bloody sick of seeing local talent brushed off, ignored

and insulted by some copy-boy too insecure to put his actual name behind the words. As far as "The Observer" is concerned most bands don't "win" SHINDig, they just "lose the least."

"DEMO DERBY" usually has its fair share of cheap shots. "Be hip: be negative" seems to be your creed. It is not only callous to treat emerging talent so shabbily, but downright stupid and self-destructive to attack the very scene which creates outlets such as CTR and DISCORDER. But hey, self-destruction is hip, too.

Regards,
Greg Holfield

Oh, c'mon now, this is a bit of a blustering rant, isn't it? Let's remember that it was CTR who organized SHINDig so that these bands could have a place to play in the first place. Inevitably, some are better than others, but I don't think we've written off any of the participating bands because it's hip to be negative. It's just that it's hard to get excited about a band that you don't like and better to say what you think than maintain some lukewarm sense of false decorum just because it's local. We will write press releases but we must be paid. No C.O.D.s please.

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BUNKER BEAT

This month BUNKER BEAT brings you the ten records from 1984 various CTR DJs would take with them in the event of a nuclear war. BUNKER BEAT will return in its regular format next month.

MICHAEL SHEA - CTR Music Director
(Sat. 12-4 p.m.)

JAMES BROWN & AFRIKA BAMBAATA Unity 12"
LLOYD COLE & THE COMMOTIONS Rattlesnakes
THE FALL Oh Brother 12"
THE GO-BETWEENS Spring Hill Fair
HOLGER HILLER A Bunch Of Foulness In The Pit
MIKE CLUB My Dream/Riff Rap/Slippin' Out Demo
Tape
SHRIEKBACK Jam Science
THE SMITHS How Soon Is Now 12"
SPECIAL AKA Nelson Mandela 12"
STAPLE SINGERS Slippery People 12"

(Indicative of the fact, methinks, that I have been working in a discoteque for the past year, too.)

CHRIS DAFOE (Thurs. 9:30-Midnight)

REPLACEMENTS Let It Be
POISONED Poisoned Cassette
R.E.M. Reckoning
PRINCE Purple Rain
LAURIE ANDERSON Mister Heartbreak
MINUTEMEN Double Nickels on the Dime
LINTON KWESI JOHNSON Making History
NO FUN Snivel
54/40 Set The Fire
HUSKER DU Zen Arcade (if only for "Turn on the News")
LLOYD COLE & THE COMMOTIONS Rattlesnake
(Yes, I know there are eleven albums here.)

JEFFREY KEARNEY (Mon. 6-9:30 p.m.)

Some favorites that spring to mind. There were a few others but this year was missing something. Why? I hope people aren't giving up!!

54/40 Set The Fire
SPECIAL AKA In the Studio
LLOYD COLE & THE COMMOTIONS Rattlesnakes
POISONED Poisoned Cassette
R.E.M. Reckoning
WORK PARTY Work Song
ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN The Killing Moon
STYLE COUNCIL Introducing the Style Council
THREE O'CLOCK Sixteen Tambourines
THE BLUE NILE A Walk Across Rooftops
ANTI-SOCIAL WORKERS In A Positive Style
KENT RECORDS Everything. Finding So(u)lace in things I missed.

LARRY THIESSEN (Wed. 1 a.m.-4 a.m.)

ANNIE ANXIETY Soul Possession
HOLGER CZUKAY Der Osten Ist Rot
SPK Auto de Fe
FILM NOIR AMERICAN STYLE Compilation
LIFE AT THE TOP Compilation
SEVERED HEADS Since the Accident
VOICE OF AUTHORITY Very Big in America Right Now
PORTION CONTROL Stimulate Sensual
PRINCE Purple Rain
NOCTURNAL EMISSIONS Viral Shedding

GORD BANADIC - CTR President
(Tues. 6-9:30 p.m.)

THE REDUCERS The Reducers
THE CRAMPS The Smell of Female
THE YOUNG FRESH FELLOWS Songs of the Pacific Northwest
SID PRESLEY EXPERIENCE Public Enemy Number One
AGENT ORANGE When You Least Expect It
THE RESIDENTS George and James
PIL (with Keith Levene) Commercial Zone
THE 3 O'CLOCK 16 Tambourines
VARIOUS The Rebel Kind Compilation
JOHNATHAN RICHMAN Jonathan Sings
NOMEANSNO Self Pity
Honourable Mention: **BOLERO LAVA**, **THE FLUNKIES**

MARK MUSHET - FAST FORWARD (Sun. 9:30-1:00)

DEBIE MENTHOL Emile au Jardin Patrologique, Rec Rec (Switz.)
ART ZOYD Les Espaces Inquiets, Crylic (France)
VARIOUS Film Noir Compilation, Ding Dong (Netherlands)
VARIOUS Made To Measure Vol. 1, Crammed (Belgium)
CTI Elemental 7, Rough Trade (UK)
NEWS FROM BABEL Worked Resumed on the Tower, Recommended (UK)
STEVEN BROWN Music for Solo Piano, Another Side (Belgium)
HET Let's Het!, Woof (UK)
ETRON FOU LOUOLAN Les Sillons De La Terre, Turbo (France)
PYROLATOR Wunderland, Ata Tak (Germany)

Please note that this list is in no way completely representative of the material heard on FAST FORWARD. There were hundreds of incredible releases this year that went unheard, for various reasons, elsewhere. This is just a sample of some of the more popular releases that seemed to make it to the turntables and tapedeck more often than others.

DEAN PELKEY - CTR Music Director
(Tues. 10:30 a.m.-1 p.m.)

RAMONES Too Tough To Die
SPECIAL AKA In The Studio
TOM VERLAINE Cover
FRANKIE GOES TO HOLLYWOOD Welcome to the Pleasuredome
HOODOO GURUS Stone Age Romeos
JASON & THE SCORCHERS Fervor
KING KURT Oohwallahwallah
EVERYTHING BUT THE GIRL Eden
ASWAD Live and Direct
METALLICA Ride The Lightning

BITS OF BLACK TAPE (DJ Without Portfolio)

MINUTEMEN Double Nickels on a Dime
HUSKER DU Zen Arcade
M.I.A. Murder in a Foreign Place
SPECIAL AKA In the Studio
YOUNG FRESH FELLOWS Songs of the Pacific Northwest
NOMEANSNO Mama ('83 I know, but I bought it last year.)
LINTON KWESI JOHNSON Making History
SID PRESLEY EXPERIENCE Public Enemy
D.O.A. Bloody But Unbowed ('83, I know, but...close enough for country...)
Tie Between:
THE FLUNKIES Pleasant Valley Sunday
CRUCIFUX Demo (as in Hinkley Had a Vision)
NICK TOLCHIK Britanarchist Demo (poetry/music)
TWISTED SISTER Stay Hungry (somebody had to put it on their list)

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DISCORDER

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cartoonists
writers
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Of the Night



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...when my wife says, "see you in a bit" I always reply, "I'm not a horse," but she's usually hung up the phone by then...and all my friends have been trying to tell me "nothing weird is really happening. Ammo, it's all in your imagination," and for once I'm going to agree with them, that the truth is too horrible to tell, for the Night is young and we don't want to scare off the innocents... oh, the joys of being an aging rocker—of having this absolute *need* to really get out there, at the same time as knowing you mustn't make too much of an ass of yourself, so you tiptoe on this precipice over the Abyss of Loneliness (don't laugh, I got it out of my Grade One Piano book) aiming to Get Down and Do What's Right and some yahoo with his head in the shit starts yelling "faggott!" between songs, or "we wanna rock!" or, better yet, "get off the stage!" as if his peculiar tastes and prejudices should be accommodated at all times...no, there wasn't much head-banging going on at the 3-night **INDEPENDENT MUSIC FESTIVAL** presented by **COLLECTORS RPM** down at the New York Theatre. Lots of scapegoats for that; the snow, high ticket prices, Christmas, the snow...must we go over this old argument again? Van, is not a "small scene"; it's just highly incestuous, always in need of "fresh blood" and deathly afraid of getting AIDS from the transfusion...the track marks I saw on one young girl's wrist looked amazingly like some wild moviemaker's impression of suppurating sores left by Dracula's canine incisors—later that night I woke up in a sweat, to note down the scary dream I had in which my friends were turning into the Living Dead. Extremely cinematic times, these...like, I was watching the black bits between the frames as a bottle hurtled end over end above the dancing fools at the **BLOWOUT** Nov. 30 at the Grandview Legion, right for the cranium of **Jim Cummins**, the "I" in **I, BRAINEATER**: if I was on the light board I would've thrown in the strobes—and the old trouper didn't miss a beat. How could he, with powerhouse drummer **ANDY GRAFFITI** bashing away beside him? What an animal! Quick as a wink up pops Jim's goon squad from backstage, all astrut with storm trooper boots and wrist bands atwinkle, scanning the hushed masses for signs of struggle. Then down the stairs they go, after the oh-so-polite Western Front bouncers, to settle a demon back into the dust; there's one droog who won't be chucking empties for awhile...my press pass holds no water with the Video Inn doorstaff, but Western Front personnel are much more understanding to poverty-stricken intellectuals like my other self...still, I missed the **JAZZMANIAN DEVILS** again! From all reports, this cross between **Bolero Lava** and **Rhythm Mission** plays

postpunk '50's bopjazz, if you can stand it, and I think it would appeal to me, but there's no accounting for tastes. Does **Vanessa** really sing Billie's hit "Easy Livin'?" Wow, what a crossover...Though the sheer volume of the **BEVERLY SISTERS'** set at the Legion knocked me off my seat and tumbled me passed-out into a corner, I had a tolerable drunk with the fellas Dec. 14 at the annual Emily Carr College Christmas bash in the Concourse of that fine institution...this time the Bevs were downright funky, and I had a plaster grin plastered across my plastered face...quite a change from the scene at the **WAREHOUSE BIG BASH** December 11th at the Heritage Hall, Main & 14th. I'm talking respectable here...these two performance nights were held to raise money for the hydro bill at the **WAREHOUSE SHOW**, and if you don't know which warehouse I mean, go back to the beach, you ostrich. The performers were prevented from doing shows at the Warehouse by the Fire Marshall so organizer **Eric Wyness** rescheduled it; the evening I attended opened up quite innocently with some modern piano pieces and a solo flute spot by **Janet Brown**, followed by four very amusing songs sung by alto **Charlotte Kennedy**, sort of music hall stuff, including "I'm In Love (With a Gay Man)" which comes off like "A Bicy-

cle Built For Two." A 45-minute one-woman one-act play ensued, called **DIGRESSIONS**, done by **Sharon Broccoli**. She is a very funny woman, entirely self-possessed, totally captivating. It was the monologue of a "star" before her mirror, reveling in her fantasies of all the other stars she hangs out with and complaining about the harshness of the real world. She drinks, smokes, dresses and makes up till you believe she could handle the life of a star despite her evident neuroses. At last she changes into (gasps!) a grocery store cashier's outfit. A tour de force... **PAUL PLIMLEY's** **OCTET** finished off the evening, leaving me to wonder why I bother going to hard core gigs. I mean, these guys can really play! **Graham Ord** on alto sax is the man to watch, and Plimley himself displays virtuoso technique on the vibes through some incredibly complicated charts written by himself and tenor saxophonist **Coat Cook**. With this calibre of musicianship available, discriminating audiophiles in Vancouver need not feel they're stuck in some hick town nor anarchist ghetto; sure, some places have a dress code, but what's your wardrobe for...the handbill for **PSYCHOSCHIZOID's** performance last night at King Studio said to wear black and I did, but mainly because my car died. They were terrible. I guess they meant to be. For this I missed four decent bands at the York?...admitting you have a problem is the first step towards solving it. The next is wanting to cure it. **Scott & Josie** of **HUMAN BEING SONGS** say "wake up, it's time to go to sleep." My shrink would approve. They're celebrating a year of togetherness, but as Josie was heard to sing, "I want more." To which poetess **Diane Wood** extemporized, "she wants more/more of what/more of this/U cant Xtend/momentary bliss"...so a lot of **MINK's** real friends got upset when I sniped on his false friends last **THNCK**. Well, all I can say is, you know who you are, and you know who they are, and may the twain never meet again...unless it's in the thick of The Night, with no-one to watch and no-one to keep the score...Good-bye to 1984; may it remain my leanest year! Happy New Year...

...yours ever, the irrepressible
—Ammo Fuzztone

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SHiNdig! *— FINALLY* fiNals!

...And then it was all over but the crying. After 3 months of competition, the 26 bands that entered SHiNdig had been reduced to 3. These 3 bands—Red Herring, Rhythm Mission, and My 3 Sons—played at the Savoy December 10 for prizes of recording time and equipment. Here are the results, and here are the finalists...

1 Red Herring

"Part of the thing about Red Herring is that we make it a point not to do anything we've heard before," says RH singer Enrico Renz. "That seems to be the one aesthetic standard we really stick to. So while all of us have strong roots in different styles of music, we make a point of not using them. It does make a difference if you know a lot and make a point of not using what you know. I think that sort of puts you on the frontier of creativity."

Interesting idea, Enrico. Perhaps not too practical or realistic, but definitely interesting. I have my doubts whether anyone can escape the influence of all the sound with which one is bombarded over the years. Surely Red Herring haven't spent the last 25 years huddled away in sound-proof caves in the Andes, taking the cotton batting out of their ears only to practice and play. Still, an interesting idea.

But "the frontier of creativity?" I don't know about anyone else, but when I hear rock bands (or funk bands, or performance artists, or dishwasher repairmen) speak of themselves as being at "the frontier of creativity" I make a break for the door. I don't mind a little hype, but "the frontier of creativity" is just a little too precious for my palate.

Perhaps I shouldn't damn the man for four words. After all, Enrico and the rest of Red Herring: Stephen Nikleva (guitar), Martin Walton (bass), and Steve Lazin (drums) have just come off winning first place in the SHiNdig finals and can, as such, be forgiven for being a little inclined towards hyperbole.

The road to the SHiNdig finals has been a long one for Red Herring. While they've only appeared in public since August, the band has been a project for Enrico and Stephen since 1980.

"It's actually almost exactly four years since Red Herring really started," says Renz. "Stephen and I met in 1980 and immediately got pretty enthused about what one another were doing. As far as I'm concerned, Stephen is a really an unusual guitar player. He's very creative, and he's very well studied. He's done just about everything you can do to get good at playing guitar."

"He's also crazy," adds Walton.

"Yeah, he's also crazy," continues Renz. "Anyway, he liked what I was doing as well. So while we both were involved in other projects during that time, Red Herring was always on the back burner as the main project,



Rico Renz

2

Rhythm Mission



Dennis Mills



A little while after the New York Dolls split up, their guitarist, Johnny Thunders did a version of the Shangri-La's hit "Give Him a Great Big Kiss." This is perhaps the best example ever of a song that is so bad that it is very good indeed. Thunders, in general, is a good example of a guitarist who was usually great live or, on occasion, out of control and sloppy, but still great because of the energy and the attitude. This brings us to a new Vancouver Group, **My Three Sons**, who took third place in the recent SHIndig finals. They're one of a number of great new bands, like **Out of Proportion**, or the **Reptiles**, whose energy and live performances more than make up for the fact that their songs could, at any time, crash headlong into chaos.

My Three Sons is Jay O'Keefe on bass, Scruff on guitar, Eric Smith on drums, Steve Richards on lead vocals, Jody MacDonald and Angela Horsfall on backing vocals, and Fabrice Rauhue on rhythm guitar. The band started in the late summer of 1983, when Jay and Scruff started jamming together with Fab and Steve. After auditioning countless drummers, Jay bumped into an old friend, Eric.

"I walked into the Comic Shop," says Eric, "where Jay worked, hocking all my cymbals and figuring I'll never play drums again and Jay saw me and said 'Wow, a cymbal. Do you play drums? Why don't you join our band, we're gonna play Iggy Pop and Lou Reed songs.' So I joined."

By February of '84 the band decided to add backing vocals, in order to augment Steve's singing and fill out the overall sound. Both Jay and Steve were big fans of the '60's girl-group sound, and wanted to add that element to the band, both musically and for onstage excitement.

The band has been playing live and working on original material ever since, drawing on a lot of influences, from early Elvis to '60's American pop to the New York Dolls. The group is, of course, often compared to the Dolls, as well as the Velvet Underground, early Blondie and "a bad high-school band," but when asked to describe themselves, Jay says, "If Motown had a Heavy Metal band, we'd probably be it."

Heavy Metal?

"Yes," says Scruff, "Jay and I started off doing AC/DC covers." Jay adds, "Judas Priest are great...everyone should see them live. It's hilarious watching all those heavy metal greasballs punching air to 'Hellbent on Leather.' Especially when you consider that they'd freak out if they knew half the band was homosexual."

Rhythm is their method, Mission is what they're on. Up until now they were Vancouver's best kept musical secret. A dance band. A band of contradictions. A band with a big beat. A beat with a big band. A band apart. Six members with diverse backgrounds and tastes. Take four parts AKA, two parts Exxotone, one part Payola\$. Stir occasionally. The resulting mix yields six servings of Jazzmanian Devils, Rockin' Fools, and until recently, Naked Edge. It's actually much more involved than that, but you're probably confused enough already. So we now move on to the matter at hand.

Rhythm Mission are, in no particular order: Dennis Mills, ex of AKA and now also leading the Jazzmanian Devils, who sings, writes, and plays a brutal alto sax. He is also a pastry chef at a "politically correct" restaurant. The amazing beat brothers are Warren and Warren—Ash on drums, Hunter on bass. Both are also ex of AKA and Exxotone and of Trevor Jones' recent outfit, Naked Edge. Scott Harding and Lee Kelsey (ex Payola\$) are the real live musicians of the group. Scott on guitar, Lee on the dancing keys. Not to end it there, we have the amazing Andy Graffiti, also ex of AKA and currently with the Rockin' Fools. Andy sprays the icing on the cake with some of the tastiest percussion heard this side of Deep Cove. The North Van pop mafia strikes again!

Formed in late 1981, Rhythm Mission played some forty gigs before disappearing in late 1982. They resurfaced this past summer with renewed enthusiasm and a new member, Andy Graffiti. Gigs are somewhat sporadic due to the number of ongoing band commitments on the side. Things look good however...

While Lee and Scott have had the "formal" training, Dennis proudly proclaims himself and the "Beat Brothers" as "authentic punk musicians!" As well as being extremely dynamic live, Rhythm Mission are tight and well orchestrated. One is hard pressed to separate the "punks" from the virtuosos. A dance band they definitely are. Delight and dilirium ensue at each and every gig, the musical integrity and thoughtful, clever lyrics raising this band far above the norm.

3 My Three Sons



My Three Sons

For the third place in the SHIndig finals My Three Sons won 24 hours of recording time at Profile Sound Studios, which fits perfectly with the band's future plans. The band get along really well with Bill Barker (owner of Profile and, incidentally, former singer for **The Scissors**) and were going to record at Profile anyway. Time and money permitting, the band will release an EP.

"Being realistic about it all," says Jay, "I just consider this a hobby. I'd like to be successful enough to pay our expenses, tour and make records, but we don't expect to be super-duper rich and famous."

"I," says Steve, "just want to be on the cover of *Teen Beat* magazine."

—Gord Badanic

rhythm mission—cont'd

*Imagine yourself:
you're in a swamp
the water is bubbling and boiling all around you
your blood is boiling inside you*

Because of the constantly changing nature of the song structures, you can never come away from a Rhythm Mission show humming the tunes you just sweated to. Beware though!! Once inside, YOU'RE HOOKED!! YOU'RE HOOKED!! Dennis goes on to explain: "Entertainment. To me it's the bottom line. People are there to be entertained and you can entertain them in a way that is thoughtful, a way that makes them look at things just a little bit differently, to make some sort of connections in an honest way."

"Stick it Out," "Life's Level," "Blood Beach," "Hip Alone," "Meduloblongadda Davida," and a song that strikes fear into the hearts of those living in B.C.'s perverted little beehive—"The wild, wild, wild, wild WEST END!" Many of the songs have a peculiarly local feel to them and are often laden with Dennis' sardonic sense of humour. "I think I'm one of the few writers in Vancouver that tries to write satire. The lyrics are quite satirical. It's not sloganeering or going for the quick laugh. Sometimes there's some intricate word play and sometimes it's for word play alone." And what of social commentary? "I consider myself to be a humanist. Some of the songs may be sexual, but they're not sexist. There are certain power relationships between and within the sexes and I explore them in some of the songs I've written. I've written some songs that I think were sexist, in retrospect, and I've written songs that I feel were racist, in retrospect. I don't sing those songs anymore. That's just part of your ongoing personal and political education."

As well as the interesting lyrical concerns, there is the question of the blending of accessibility and experimentation. The danceability of their music almost belies their diverse musical interests. Mind you, this isn't standard dance music by any stretch of the imagination. Speaking of

imagination, it's something you need a lot of when dancing to Rhythm Mission (besides an unfathomable amount of energy). Where does the groove stop and conscious limb-climbing come into play? "My favorite thing is creating melody from dissonance as much as possible!" states Warren Hunter gleefully. Ash adds a counter point: "Not having any training, we don't know, really, what is standard. We know when we're right on the mark and sometimes not. I'm not that big on doing wild, experimental things. I have very mainstream tastes." Dennis adds, "It can be really fun to be self-indulgent. We all have our pre-arranged parts but sometimes we set out certain sections of a song where some of us can go totally wild. Some people think we've sold out! Rhythm Mission SOLD OUT! I mean..." laughter abounds "...if they think Rhythm Mission sold out, they must think that the Jazzmanian Devils are the Devil's music..." more laughter "...and they're right, it is the Devil's music." Dead silence...

The Jazzmanian Devils are comprised of two-thirds of Rhythm Mission. Scott, Lee, Andy, and Dennis. Scott's brother Brian adds trombone and Finn Manniche plays cello. Basically, the JDs are representative of Dennis' pop explorations of jazz and he emphasizes the independent nature of the project. "They're two really separate bands and there are two totally different focuses of where they're both going. The JDs started, basically to fill a void because Rhythm Mission had broken up, though I had been doing a few different things, sort of pseudo-poetry readings and performances, just trying to do something, because I always like to perform."

Why did Rhythm Mission break up in the first place? Warren Hunter offers one of several reasons: "It seemed that we were in a rut. Because we hadn't recorded, because we hadn't taken the time to get serious about recording, because we hadn't travelled. We were playing to the same audiences constantly." Dennis elaborates: "It wasn't that we were bored with the music necessarily, it's just that everybody grows, musically, at different rates and as you start to progress and come up with individual ideas that you want to work into a group context, you see things going one way and somebody else sees them going in another. It's really hard to find a group consensus." Warren Ash adds his perspective: "It's good that we're all playing in different bands. I wanted to play more mainstream rock and roll, which I started to do in Naked Edge, whereas some of the others wanted to pursue a more jazzy sound and they're able to do that with the JDs. You get it out of your system to a certain extent." So with all of that presumably out of their collective systems, I offer that it should therefore be easier for a group sound to gel when Rhythm Mission get together. Ash continues: "No. Actually it was Warren and I that used to argue the most over arrangements and we were the ones that went to play together in Naked Edge. I think the biggest problem Rhythm Mission have had is that we are in Vancouver and the audience is just really small. It doesn't take much to lose your head of steam."

Of course, this gets back to the question of having a record out that would enable the group to get out on tour in its support. Dennis feels he's simplifying matters but... "It seems to me that those bands that have records out do one of two things. Either somebody in the band, or a parent, has money, or they all don't work and are on welfare or whatever, and that (the band) is all their life. We've never had that sort of dedication." The last statement obviously rules out choice number one in Rhythm Mission's circumstance. "If we had started recording a couple of years ago..." states Ash, "...we would either have realized the hopelessness of playing live, original music or else we would have realized the brilliant success of it and have moved on to bigger and better things. I think not doing it a while ago was a mistake."

Without a record, the only way a band can grow in Vancouver is to gig constantly and garner support from the "alternative" media. Constant gigging is difficult for Rhythm Mission because of the obvious diversions. The media aspect still needs resolving. Dennis comments on the group's problem in this area. "Self-promotion has never been our strong point. Our strong point is performance. It limits our audience and it's a limiting attitude but it's a matter of being able to connect with people you can bring in to help yourself out. I think that's starting to help us now." So what is it that Rhythm Mission are trying to accomplish? Ash: "We want it to be a dance band!" Dennis: "We want to make people move, we want to move people. That's the idea behind Rhythm and Mission. It's the RHYTHM that makes ya move and it's the MISSION that moves ya!" All chime in: "AMEN!! HALLELUJAH!!!" Ash takes to the floor: "Let's all bow now and pray...to the BIG BEAT!"

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red herring cont'd

just as soon as we could get the right people."

Renz occupied his time by writing, and playing drums in Kathy Korvette. Nikleva hit the road, travelling, visiting India to study the sitar.

Along the way they kept looking for the right people, people they could work with, and people who could work with them. Things started to come together about a year ago.

"We met Martin last year, so for a while the three of us were Red Herring. Then Steve Lazin, our drummer, came along last July. We played the basement all of July, and after that we came out as a band."

Having come out Red Herring didn't waste any time. By the end of August they had recorded a live tape at the Waterfront, sent it off to CTR, and entered SHIndig. And the rest, as the people on the bus say, is history.

Red Herring won first prize in SHIndig, 24 hours of recording time at Inside Trak studios, edging out heavily favoured Rhythm Mission. Along the way they found new listeners who were attracted by the band's busy, eccentric dance music. The Red Herring sound is based on a strong bottom end: funky basslines, insistent drumming. But Renz's quirky vocal style, and especially Nikleva's guitar style—sometimes jagged, sometimes crystalline, always interesting—provide the real interest in Red Herring's music. Despite Renz's claim of not doing anything that's been heard before some influences seem evident. Nikleva often sounds like a more delicate, precise Andy Gill, while Renz's vocals are reminiscent of any number of quirky voices from the late 70s. But the influences are well enough absorbed and digested to make Red Herring worthwhile listening. And, as the band gets used to playing together, it seems likely that they will get better.

Renz agrees that Red Herring has a lot of maturing to do. "Part of the deciding of what a band will do when exploring new music involves developing a core audience that works like a mirror for them. Right now our core audience knows us as people as well as musicians, so if we're not communicating it's not as apparent, to them or to us. I think it's really important that we get a larger audience, something that would act as a stronger mirror.

"It's very much like a writer when he starts writing, early in his career. His experiences of the world are as strong and as valid as they'll ever be. But the only way to be a better writer is to write all the time and see how people react. Because communication is really a craft, it's something that is learned through experience.

"So we're really looking forward to that maturing process, 'cause there is a correlation between how you mature musically, as a band, and how you mature as a group of people. We want to reflect the community that we are. Part of that is seeing if anarchy can really work. We're trying really hard not to have a boss in the band, and to spread the responsibility of making the music evenly.

"While we all feel we've come a long way, no one of feels we've come close to realizing our potential."

One hopes that the prize of recording time will allow Red Herring to realize that potential. The band seems to have enough experience behind them to have interesting ideas about music ("the frontier of creativity" aside) but are fresh enough not to have succumbed to the cynicism (some call it business acumen) that can foul a band's musical progress.

At this point we will give the last word (as we did the first) to Enrico: "To us, at this point, process is almost more important than product. Like I said before, we try to do things that haven't been done before. That involves going down to the basement and jamming, and working on songs that way, rather than Stephen or I bringing songs in.

"It's hard to decipher why one particular combination of sounds we're making seems to be truer, more meaningful, more right on than anything else we're making. But when it does, those are my favorite songs."

—CD



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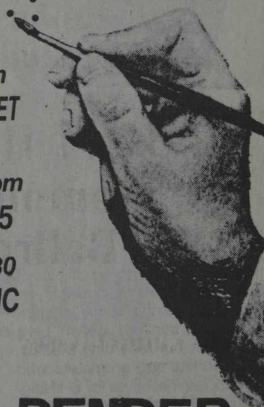
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"Let me tell you, back in '84..."

The year in local music

Sukhvinder Johal gets nostalgic

Orwell overlooked Vancouver's non-commercial music scene. Had he not, his most famous piece of scribbling might not have been so frightfully doom-laden. Not that we didn't have our fair share of suicide-inducing moments; after all, there are only so many SHiNdig between-band tell-a-joke sessions one can tolerate.

On the whole, however, this writer felt privileged to have been in this lovely city this past year. At times, it felt as though our home-grown talent was responding to the general malaise that had afflicted non-commercial music world wide for the previous couple of years.

Perhaps the biggest nod of appreciation, this year especially, should go to those who are all too often overlooked in retrospectives



Animal Slaves

vided a valuable vinyl forum for many young artists who otherwise could not have afforded the luxury of a permanent documentation of their contributions before breaking up or moving ahead.

To **Laurie Mercer** and **Collectors RPM** who, as a promoter and record label, achieved some of the year's major coups in terms of gigs such as **45 Grave** at John Barleys, **Animal Slaves/NoMeansNo** at the Luv-A-Fair and the Independent Music Festival at the New York Theatre, and in terms of recorded output: *Undergrowth '84*, the double cassette compilation.

To **Dondub Records** and **Zulu Records**, to **MoDaMu** and to **Nettwerk**.

To **John Barleys** and yes, even the much-maligned **Luv-A-Fair**, everybody's favorite scapegoat, despite a shakey step into the world of record labels, they featured some interesting gigs. More please.

If, as the lunatic from the moral

majority said, music is a vice, then all the above helped keep vices up and prices down. Thank you.

On, then, to the meat and potatoes of Vancouver's alternative/non-commercial / underground music scene—those who actually make the music. The trio of big hopes, **Art Bergmann** and **Poisoned**, **54/40** and **Bolero Lava** remain just that—hopes.

Bergmann had, and has, an especially large burden of expectations to bear. An illustrious but ultimately fruitless history combined with an overly zealous media with all its Poisoned column inches and air time (for which CTR must share the blame) have put him in a seemingly unenviable position; who wants to buy his cassette release when you can hear it all the time on your friendly neighbourhood campus radio station?

Fortunately for Poisoned, many do: his is easily the biggest seller of all the many cassettes released in this year's glut, easily outstrip-

ping the second-placed *Undergrowth '84*. Fortunate, too, is Bergmann's own cautious approach to all the attention: "I don't know. I just wanna get back to playing live and do some recording...then we'll see what happens... Yeah, we'll see



such as this: to **Janet Forsyth** and **The Savoy**, where new management's policy of original music not only made SHiNdig possible, as well as providing a venue for alternative acts from out of town. Let's not forget the recording studios, retail outlets and promoters who contributed incentives for SHiNdig.

To the **Railway Club's** continued involvement and success.

To **Al Hyland** and **The Waterfront**, whose *Waterfront Compilation* album on Hyland Records pro-

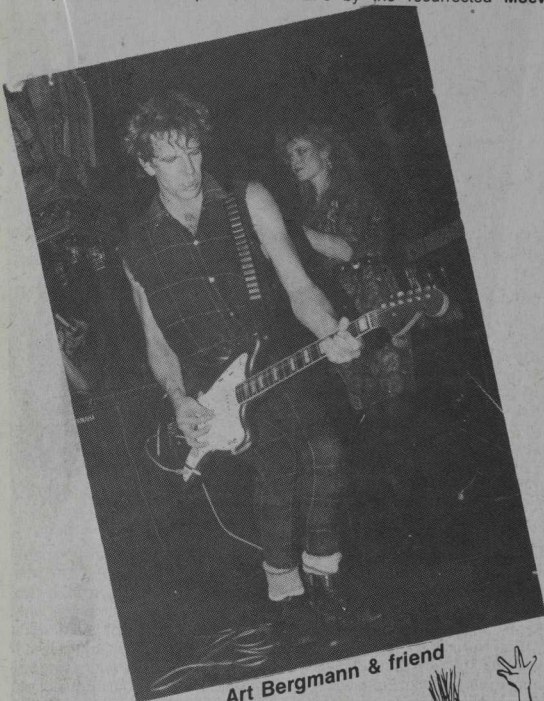


what happens."

Despite a good album in *Set The Fire*, 54/40 didn't sustain '83's momentum. They played live to sustain people's hope and interest, but you can't live off hope and in-

wrong.

A late but interesting addition to the 1984 catalogue of local record releases was provided by the fledgling Nettwerk Records. Three 12" EPs by the resurrected **Moev**,



Art Bergmann & friend

terest of the non-financial kind for very long. I hope they don't end up like the Young Canadians, 'Pops and others: all hyped up with no place to land a major deal; and then you just...fade away. Or worse, like D.O.A., where ever you accept your lot in life and just chug along...forever... Meanwhile, listen to CTR for "Cha Cha," one of my favorite 54/40 offerings, taken from the cassette version of the album on Dundub Records.

Bolero Lava, too, had much media coverage. They had to suffer all the tedious references to their being 'an all-girl band,' as if it really mattered. What mattered was their music: infectious pop with something to say. '84 was definitely their year: they won the Hot Air Show, put out a well-reviewed 12", *Inevitable/Click of the Clock* with the prize of studio-time, and were one of the most popular local live acts.

On the horizon of 1985, amidst the eager hype and energy, lies a growing uncertainty, in my mind at least, regarding Bolero Lava's ability to keep it rolling. I hope I'm

Skinny Puppy and the **Grapes of Wrath** hailed the arrival of an organization catering to another vital cog in the Vancouver music machine, the electro-experimental scene. Nettwerk, Dondub et al. reasserted in 1984 the fact that anyone with enough initiative and interest can promote local art.

No retrospective of Vancouver's contemporary underground art-music scene would be complete without mentioning **I, Braineater**, once fondly referred to in 1984 as 'the grand-daddy of the scene.' Be that as it may, the year saw Jim

Cummins broaden his niche with *I Hear Where You*, a cassette release of I, Braineater live at UBC; art shows at the Pitt and the Montgomery, gigs, an X-Mas party and M.C'ing the Independent Music Festival, as well as brief sabbaticals to Toronto and Paris. The word prolific springs to mind. By no means can I confess to having liked everything he put out in 1984, but having a below-average boredom threshold, I must bow to one who keeps me interested in most of his many projects. In 1985, 'eat brain and live!'

Orwell's favorite year also saw three mid-range veterans either changing ships, treading water or sinking. **Madeleine** (ex-Moev) **Morris** came together, in more ways than one, with the Addington clan of Insex fame to form **Family Plot**. Whilst not without their teething problems, the result, as indicated by their cassette release, was far superior to either of their previous projects.

Meanwhile, **Trevor Jones** lost his naked edge but continued to get airplay on CTR after the official release of his cassette. By year's end the material had become

sonar; being well-intentioned doth not a rock star make. In the ancient mysticism of the Eastern country from whence this writer hails, there's a saying: 'A change is as good as a rest.'

In 1984, **D.O.A.** were... well... D.O.A. Their biggest hit was blowing PiL off the stage, but at least PiL won't be here year after year after year after....

A strange phenomenon happened in Vancouver's non-commercial music scene this last year: the emergence of a solid hardcore scene with bands like **House of Commons**, **Bill of Rights**, **Death**



Vanessa Richards—Bolero Lava

dated whilst the Bowie comparisons never abated, and Trevor did well to move on to the **White Orpheus Project**, whose impact remains to be seen.

The well-intentioned **Actionauts** fluttered about like a bat without its

Sentence, **Immoral Minority**, **Sudden Impact**, etc. Strange, because although we've always had at least one or two hardcore standard bearers, there's never

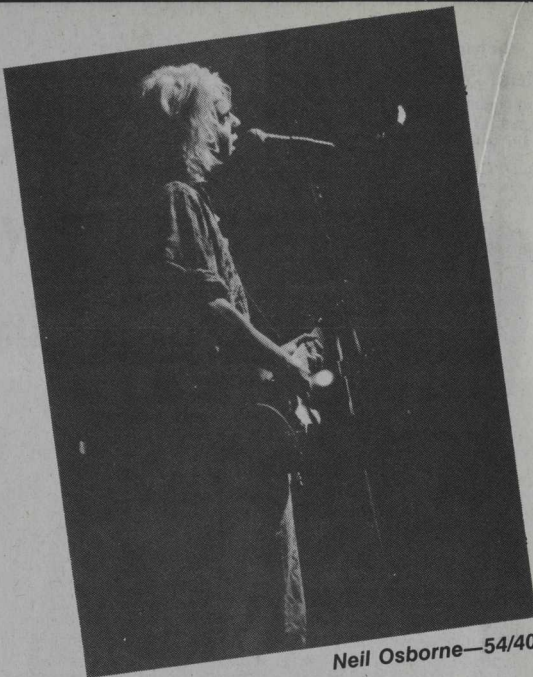
been the cohesion or strength-in-depth that the hardcore scene has now. Why now? Seven years after the fact!

It would appear that hardcore, distinct from its more nebulous parent, punk, will become an everlasting form of rock music, a bit like rockabilly. 1985 will be an interesting year.

Malcolm MacLaren's vision of cassette releases was prophetic in Vancouver's case. With limited financial resources, more and more locals chose to make their work available in this format. Quali-

ty varies and there's still the lack of consumer attraction that cassette covers have beside record covers, but rather something than nothing. Aside from those already mentioned, many others give us an excuse to take our ghetto-blasters to the beach, including **Emily, No Fun, Glenn Scott, Peter Archer, Asiyah, Hirosho Yano, and 5 Year Plan.**

Aside from Emily, who also took her innovative electronic sounds around the club circuit before becoming somewhat disillusioned with her solo material and recruit-



Neil Osborne—54/40

THE TOWN PUMP
66 WATER ST.

7-ANNETTE 14 bb ga
9-DUCHarm

17-19 RANDY and the RIPTIDES.

21 Beverly Sisters

28-30

FABULON

ing additional players, the other major front of interest vis a vis, cassette releases must surely be **Red Herring**, pioneer of 'quirk-funk.'

Red Herring will remember the latter half of 1984 with relish (Herring, relish, gettit?). From nothingness in August through successive victories in SHIndig in October and November to the final victory over Rhythm Mission on December 10.

The year of their much-heralded comeback ended on a downbeat for **Rhythm Mission**. While they pick up the pieces for '85, Red Herring find themselves the latest media darlings, causing one to congratulate, caution and encourage them all in the same breath.

Meanwhile, in September, on a distant outpost of land known as

Point Grey, a previously eight-page foldout rag called **DISCORDER** became a fully-fledged thirty-two page magazine, complete with removable ink! Much hard work and hustling from all involved led to an infusion of talent in writing, graphics, and layout. Equally as important, the apathy among readers/listeners began to crack in 1984, as more and more letters and



general feedback came our way. Keep it up, along with your much-appreciated support for SHIndig!

As for Radio Hell itself, well, change is always difficult, it needs input, support and commitment from everybody...get involved! Make it come alive in '85! (I just had to get a corny slogan in somewhere.)

Without doubt I've forgotten a few important mentions. My apologies. You know who your are. Include yourselves.



GALLERY

Open

Mon-Thurs, 7 am - 10:30 pm

Friday 7am - Midnight

Saturday, 11am-10:30pm

Sunday, 11am - 6:00 pm

LUNCH SPECIAL \$2.95

820 HOWE STREET 683-5122

We lost Mark Mushet last month amid the fuss and fury of Musicity. Mark found his own way back and filed this brief report. Then he collapsed, spitting up half-digested program notes from the festival.

Yes, I am untangled. And yes, I have something to report. Musicity is HISTORY. MUSICITY was a huge success.

Am I not mistaken or were the Warehouse Show and the Artcity activities not THE most conspicuous events in our great sleepy city throughout the month of November? Did the mainstream not sit up and take note after the glove had fallen? Do moles have gills?

What did we have here? Only the perfect opportunity to see a broad cross-section of Vancouver's new music community all in one go, over a week of scheduled concerts. **Courage of Lassie** provided some beautiful, romantic cafe music. **The Flying Undercaps** showed us just how free-improvised music can sometimes get a bad name. **The Cassation Group** treated us to some highly accomplished sonic variety (albeit possibly subtitled: *The Exorcist, Part III*). **Lyn Vasey** couldn't have done a better **Floor Show** with his guitar, all the while being genuinely charming. **GX Jupiter-Larson** made clear the fact that M.B. did it first, and better. **Alex Varty** overcame grave injury to bring us the dictionary

definition of the word "drone," in a pleasant manner. **Doug Schmidt** showed us just how flexible an instrument the accordion really is. Orchestra in a box anyone? **Tom Hajdu** managed to perform on a night when I couldn't attend (the only one though. Sorry, Tom). **Hex-tremities** (minus two) ignored any preconceptions and biases to perform some very enjoyable and eclectic improvised music, restrained though it was. Excellent.

Such diversity, the whole lot. MUSICITY made some very important connections and left everybody with a real sense of optimism for new music performance in Vancouver. All we need now is a MUSIC GALLERY where more of these people can be heard. For now, radio seems to be the only consistent forum for such music. Stay tuned to **FAST FORWARD** during the month of January and February for special features on Musicity participants including the work of **Paul Dolden** "The Melting Voice Through Mazes Running." And to all those who weren't there that should have been: how about at least putting in an appearance next time around?

—Mark Mushet

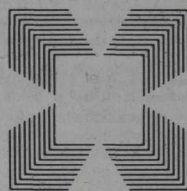
IMAGES IN VOGUE

with guests

FABULON

FRIDAY, JANUARY 11
8 pm SUB BALLROOM, UBC
 advance tickets \$5.00
Odyssey, Zulu, AMS Box Office
Produced by AMS Concerts

TRAVEL CUTS



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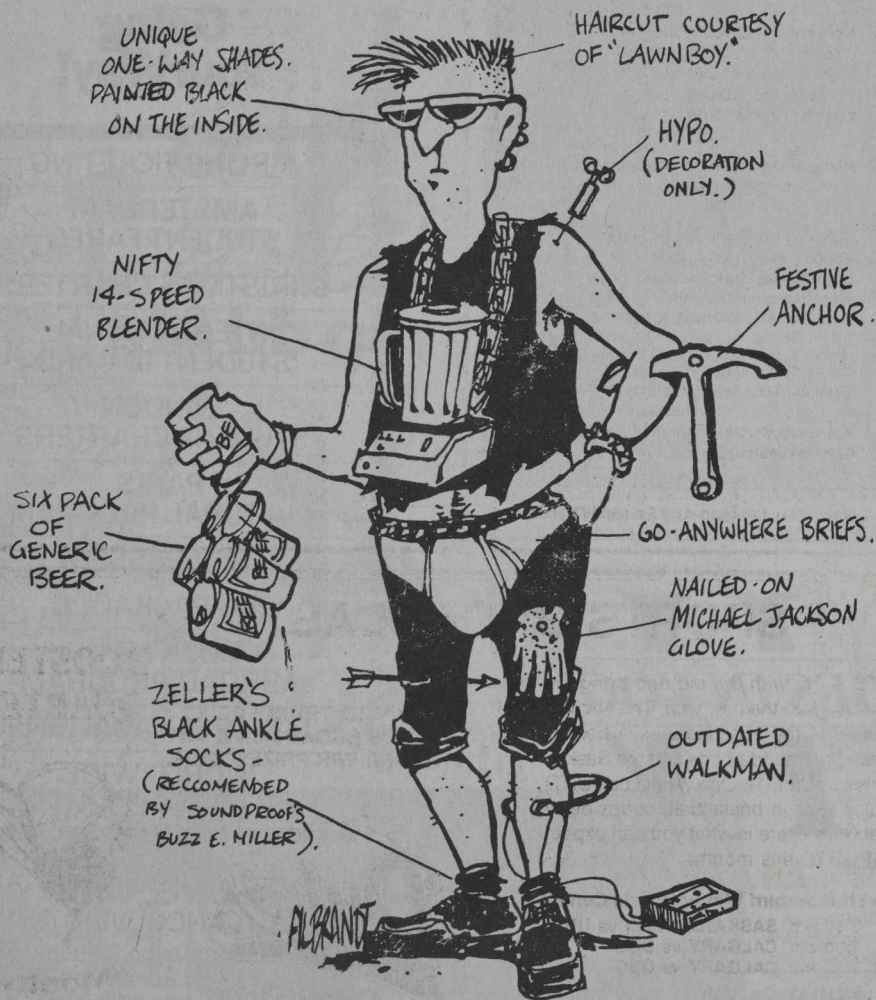
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★ ★ THIS YEAR'S MODEL ★ ★

AN ALTERNATIVE WARDROBE FOR ALTERNATIVE FOLKS!



DISCORDER**PROGRAM GUIDE***A guide to CITR fm 102*

CABLE 100

MUSIC OF OUR TIME*SUNDAYS**8 AM till NOON***DECEMBER SHOWS**

- January 6 **Schoenberg:** String Quartet No. 3
Shostakovich: Symphony No. 10
Ingram Marshall: Gradual Requiem
Pierre Boulez: Domains
Marius Constant: 14 Stations
- January 13 **Philip Glass:** Einstein on the Beach
 (Complete)
- January 20 **Schoenberg:** String Quartet No. 4
Zoltan Kodaly: Harry Janos Suite
Steve Reich: Music for 18 Musicians
Iannis Xenakis: Antikhthon
Charles Ives: Piano Sonata No. 1
- January 27 **Ellsworth Millburn:** String Quartet
Leonard Bernstein: Symphony No. 3
 ("Kaddish")
Frederick Myrow: Songs from the Japanese
Toru Takumitsu: Corona

Hosted by: Jay Leslie, Ken Jackson And Sandra Thacker

**JANUARY
HIGH PROFILES**

High Profiles are 45 minute documentary style music specials, heard Monday through Saturday evenings at 8:00.

- Tues 1 The Undertones
 Wed 2 Some sneak previews of local underground films
- Thur 3 TBA
 Fri 4 Battle of the Punx
 Sat 5 23 Skidoo
 Mon 7 Barracudas
 Tues 8 Stiff Little Fingers
 Wed 9 The Planets
 Thur 10 Suicide & Alan Vega
 Fri 11 Battle of the Punx
 Sat 12 Asmus Tietchens
 Mon 14 Kearney's Albums
 Tues 15 Cron Gen
 Wed 16 TBA
 Thur 17 Hunters and Collectors
 Fri 18 Battle of the Punx
 Sat 19 Tones On Tail
 Mon 21 The Yardbirds
 Tues 22 The Ralph Record Label
 Wed 23 Battle of the Frankies
 Thurs 24 Dax Record Label
 Fri 25 Battle of the Punx
 Sat 26 The Times
 Mon 28 Kink's Collectables
 Tues 29 3 hour special: 25 years of girl groups
- Wed 30 TBA
 Thurs 31 Toxic Reasons

★★★ **LIVE SPORTS BROADCASTS** ★★★

CITR SPORTS starts with the old and brings in the new as we step into the new year. The first live sports broadcast of the year features a hockey contest between the Thunderbirds and the Saskatchewan Huskies on Jan. 11. One week later, CITR shifts to regular season basketball, courtside at War Memorial Gym. Here is what you can expect from **CITR SPORTS** this month:

HOCKEY - Thunderbird Winter Sports Centre

- Fri. Jan. 11 7:30 pm SASKATCHEWAN vs UBC
 Fri. Jan. 25 7:30 pm CALGARY vs UBC
 Sat. Jan. 26 7:30 pm CALGARY vs UBC

BASKETBALL - War Memorial Gym

- Fri. Jan. 18 7:15 pm SASKATCHEWAN vs UBC
 Sat. Jan. 19 7:15 pm ALBERTA vs UBC
 Sun. Jan. 27 1:55 pm ALASKA-JUNEAU vs UBC

For more info, contact Monte Stewart at 228-3017

**LISTEN TO THUNDERBIRD
SPORTS BROADCASTS ON
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**"Montreal
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VANCOUVER, B.C.

PROGRAM GUIDE

A guide to CTR fm 102
CABLE 100

CITR 102 FM 100 cable	SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT
8:00	MUSIC OF OUR TIME	WAKE UP	REPORT WITH	NEWS	SPORTS AND	WEATHER	
8:35		GENERIC REVIEW		GENERIC REVIEW		GENERIC REVIEW	
9:00		PUBLIC AFFAIRS	PUBLIC AFFAIRS	PUBLIC AFFAIRS	PUBLIC AFFAIRS	PUBLIC AFFAIRS	
9:43		CITR INSIGHT EDITORIAL		CITR INSIGHT EDITORIAL			
10:00		MORNING	REPORT WITH	NEWS	SPORTS AND	WEATHER	
11:00							
11:00 am	NEWS						NEWS
NOON	SUNDAY BRUNCH						
1:00	THE ROCKERS SHOW	LUNCH	REPORT WITH	NEWS	SPORTS AND	WEATHER	THE PLAYLIST SHOW
2:00							
3:00	TUNES -R- US						
3:30		NEWS	NEWS	NEWS	NEWS	NEWS	
4:00							
4:30		SPORTS	SPORTS	SPORTS	SPORTS	SPORTS	
5:00							
5:35							
6:00	SUNDAY MAGAZINE FOLK INTERN'L	GENERIC REVIEW		GENERIC REVIEW		GENERIC REVIEW	SATURDAY MAGAZINE
6:13		DINNER	REPORT WITH	NEWS	SPORTS AND	WEATHER	
6:30		CITR INSIGHT EDITORIAL		CITR INSIGHT EDITORIAL			
7:00							PROPAGANDA!
7:30							
8:00	SUNDAY NIGHT LIVE	HIGH PROFILE	HIGH PROFILE	HIGH PROFILE	HIGH PROFILE	HIGH PROFILE	HIGH PROFILE
9:00							
10:00	FAST FORWARD	JAZZ SHOW		AFRICAN SHOW		THE BIG SHOW	
11:00		JAZZ FEATURE	RANDOM CACOPHONY	AFRICAN FEATURE	MEL BREWER PRESENTS		#1 PLAYLIST ALBUM
11:00 pm		JAZZ SHOW		THE MID SHOW			
MID NIGHT							
1:00	LIFE AFTER BED						
2:00							
3:00							

CITR broadcasts daily at 102 FM and 100 cable FM from 7:30 AM to 4:00 AM

CITR broadcasts daily at 102 FM and 100 cable FM from 7:30 AM to 4:00 AM

PROGRAM GUIDE

REGULAR PROGRAMS

African Show

(Wednesday 9:30 pm-12 am)
A program featuring African music and culture. Every week, with news, current events and local African music events. Feature at 11 p.m.: specific artists, the music of specific African countries.

Fast Forward

(Sunday 9:30 pm-1 am)
The latest in the exciting and vibrant world of experimental, independent, minimalist, electronic, avant-garde stuff. Actually, this program is yet another alternative to CTR's general "alternative" sound. Keep abreast of independent cassette releases around the world, as well as listening for rare live recordings or more well known non-mainstream artists. Hosted by Mark Mushet.

Folk International

(Sunday 6:30 pm-7:30 pm)
Traditional folk music from Canada and around the world Hosted by Lawrence Kootnikoff.

Generic Review

(Weekdays at 8:35 am and 5:35 pm. Also on Saturday and Sunday Magazine)
A critique of local entertainment, theatrical events, movies, and exhibits.

High Profile

(Monday through Saturday 8 pm)
Spotlighting one artist's music and career. Refer to High Profile listing for artists.

Insight

(Weekdays 9:43 am and 6:13 pm)
An editorial comment on current issues open to the community. If you have something to say, call 228-3017, ask for Doug Richards.

Jazz Show

(Monday 9:30 pm-1 am)
An evening of varied traditional and avant-garde jazz on one of Vancouver's longest running all-jazz programs. Now that C-JAZZ has become "FM97" this is one of the only places you can hear jazz on the radio before midnight. Hosted each week by Gavin Walker. Feature albums, artists, interviews at 11 p.m.

Life After Bed

(Sunday 1:00 am-4:00 am)
All kinds of awakening sounds for the night crawlers and insomniacs.

Mel Brewer Presents

(Thursday 11 pm)
A program featuring exclusively the newest and best in local talent with new demo tapes, live interviews with groups and local music figures, debuts of new released and lotsa hot juicy gossip.

The Mid-show

(Wednesday Midnight-1 am)
The Mid-Show presents a diverse and sound fluid mesh, from candy to explicit, engineering a release ghetto. Directed by the magnetic loneliness of audio art, video art, poetry, prose and indigenous music, the movie soundtracks, young and old pop and rock, foreign lingo hits and country jos-

tle about looking for conversation. Listen in and get a piece of the action. Hosted by John Anderson.

Music Of Our Time

(Sunday 8 am-12 pm)
Music of the 20th century in the classical tradition. Hosted by Ken Jackson, Jay Leslie and Sandra Thacker.

News and Sports

(Weekdays)
Local, national, and international news and sports. News and sports reports at 8 am, 10 am, 1 pm, and 6 pm. Newsbreak and Sportsbreak at 3:30 pm and 4:30 pm. On Saturday and Sunday, regular newscasts air at 12:00 noon

Playlist Show

(Saturday 12 pm-4 pm)
The countdown of CTR's weekly top 40 singles and albums, featuring new additions to the Playlist. Listen for Michael Shea.

Propaganda!

(Saturday 6:30 pm-9:30 pm)
News, reviews, previews, interviews, recitals, debates, music, humour, politics. Write to Propaganda!, c/o CTR, 6138 SUB Boulevard, UBC, Vancouver, B.C., V6T 2A5, and suggest a feature on anything that may be of interest to CTR listeners. If you're an artist of some sort, or you're involved in some project or other and you feel you may benefit from an interview or on-air performance or a story on Propaganda!, let us know about it. Get involved, even if it's only to

recite something interesting you read somewhere, or wrote yourself. Do it, 'cause talk minus action equals zero.

Public Affairs

(Weekdays 9 am)
Current events and issues around Vancouver, as well as in depth coverage of social problems, political events and public figures.

Random Cacophony

(Tuesday 11 pm-1 am)
The second radio show in the history of civilization dedicated to solving all of the world's problems.

Rockers

(Sunday 1 pm-3 pm)
The latest and best in toasting, rockers, dub and straight forward reggae. Hosted by George Barrett.

Saturday and Sunday Magazine

(Saturday & Sunday at 6 pm)
Weekend magazine shows presenting special news, sports and entertainment features.

Sunday Night Live

(Sunday 8 pm)
Rare live recordings of noted local and international artists.

Voice of Freedom

(Sunday 6:30 pm-7:30 pm)
Satirical broadcast from a mythical radio station on a secluded American military base (Diego Garcia) where all the records are twelve years out of date.

Membership Application

For your membership, send \$20 (students) \$25 (non-students) or \$15 (unemployed) in cheque or money order to:

CITR-FM
6138 SUB Boulevard
Vancouver, B.C.
V6T 2A5

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
POSTAL CODE _____
PHONE _____
AGE _____
ARE YOU A UBC STUDENT? Y N
UBC STUDENT NO. _____

INTERESTED IN PROGRAMMING?

THE TOP SINGLES OF 1984

SPECIAL AKA	Nelson Mandela	CHRYSLIS/MCA
TREVOR JONES	Icky Ya Ya/The Void In Boys	QTJ
ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN	The Killing Moon	KOROVA/WEA
NOMEANSNO	Self-Pity	**DEMO TAPE**
LEDERNACKEN	Amok!	VIRGIN/POLYGRAM
RED GUITARS	Steeltown	SELF-DRIVE (UK)
POISONED	Vultura Freeway/Poisoned	POISONED
BEVERLY SISTERS	The Wait	**DEMO TAPE**
MALCOLM X	No Sell Out	TOMMY BOYS (US)
JOOLZ	War of Attrition	ABSTRACT (UK)
THE BILL OF RIGHTS	Blind Society	NO RIGHTS
MIKE CLUB	My Dream/Riff Rap	**DEMO TAPE**
SPEAR OF DESTINY	Prisoner of Love	BURN. ROME/CBS(UK)
THE SMITHS	How Soon Is Now?	ROUGH TRADE (UK)
THE ART OF NOISE	Beat Box	ZTT (UK)
JAMES BROWN & AFRIKA Bambaataa	Unity	TOMMY BOYS (US)
MALCOLM McLAREN	Madame Butterfly	VIRGIN/POLYGRAM
IGGY POP	Repo Man	SAN ANDREAS/MCA(US)
FABULON	Life On An Island	LUV-A-FAIR
GRANDMASTER FLASH	White Lines	SUGARHILL/QUALITY
THE FALL	Oh! Brother	BEGGARS BANQUET(UK)
BOLERO LAVA	Inevitable/Click of the Clock	MO DA MU
ASSOCIATES	Schampout	WEA (UK)
SCRITTI POLITTI	Wood Beez/Absolute	VIRGIN/WEA
THE SMITHS	This Charming Man	ROUGH TRADE (UK)
SINGING FOOLS	The Apocalypse	A&M
HUNTERS & COLLECTORS	Follow Me No More	EPIC (UK)
LEDERNACKEN	I Want To Eat You	STRIKE BACK (UK)
EAST BAY RAY	Trouble In Town	ALTERNATIVE TENTS(US)
JERRY JERRY	Baby's on Fire/Gospel Surfer	**DEMO TAPE**
STAPLE SINGERS	Slippery People	PRIVATE I/CBS (US)
CAPTAIN SENSIBLE	Glad It's All Over	A&M (UK)
FAMILY PLOT	Gravedigger	FAMILY PLOT
BEAT PAGODAS	Men & Women	**DEMO TAPE**
THE SMITHS	What Difference Does It Make?	ROUGH TRADE (UK)
FLESH TONES	Screaming Skull	IRS (UK)
GO FOUR 3	Seventh Victim	**DEMO TAPE**
CABARET VOLTAIRE	Sensoria	SOME BIZARRE (UK)
FRANK CHICKENS	We Are Ninja/Shellfish Bamboo	KAZ (UK)
EMILY	Moments of Glory/Calls My Name	MO DA MU

1984 REGGAE TOP TEN STYLEE

1. SMILEY CULTURE*	Police Officer
2. BLOOD FIRE BAND**	Every Possee Get Flat
3. THE GLADIATORS	Serious Thing
4. FRANKIE PAUL*	South Africa
5. ASHER SENATOR*	Fast Style Origination
6. BARINGTON LEVY	Under Me Sensi
7. INI KAMOZE	Statement
8. SMILEY CULTURE*	Cockney Translation
9. MIKEY DREAD	Pave The Way
10. GREGORY ISAACS & DENNIS BROWN	Judge Not

**12" 45 **7" 45

THE TOP ALBUMS OF 1984

SHRIEKBACK	Jam Science	ARISTA (UK)
FORGOTTEN REBELS	This Ain't Hollywood	STAR
LAURIE ANDERSON	Mister Heartbreak	WEA
TOM VERLAINE	Cover	VIRGIN/WEA
VIOLENT FEMMES	Hallowed Ground	SLASH/WEA
5440	Set The Fire	MO DA MU
R.E.M.	Reckoning	IRS/A&M
JASON & THE SCORCHERS	Fervor	CAPITOL
SPECIAL AKA	In The Studio	CHRYSLIS/MCA
FAD GADGET	Gag	MUTE (UK)
THE THREE O'CLOCK	16 Tambourines	FRONTIER (US)
LINTON KWESI JOHNSON	Making History	ISLAND/MCA
THE SMITHS	The Smiths	SIRE/WEA
ESG	Come Away	99 (US)
BEVERLY SISTERS	Beverly Sisters EP	DADA DOG
23 SKIDOO	Urban Gamelan	ILLUMINATED (UK)
BILL LASWELL	Baselines	ELECTRA (US)
PALAIS SCHAUMBURG	Parlez-Vous Schaumburg?	PHONOGRAM (BRD)
SHANGHAI DOG	Clinging Bell EP	CD
LOU REED	New Sensations	RCA
HOLGER CZUKAY	Der Osten Ist Rot	VIRGIN/POLYGRAM
KING CRIMSON	Three of a Perfect Pair	WB
400 BLOWS	"If I Kissed Her."	ILLUMINATED (UK)
X	More Fun In The New World	ELECTRA
AGENT ORANGE	When You Least Expect It	ENIGMA (US)
JOHN CALE	Caribbean Sunset	ZE (UK)
BLACK UHURU	Anthem	ISLAND (UK)
BILLY BRAGG	Life's a Riot With Spy vs. Spy	UTILITY (UK)
JONATHAN RICHMAN	Jonathan Sings	SIRE (US)
NO FUN	Snivel	WEREWOLF T-SHIRT
LLOYD COLE & THE COMMOTIONS	Rattlesnakes	POLYDOR (UK)
RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS	Red Hot Chili Peppers	EMI/ENIGMA (US)
ECHO & THE BUNNYMEN	Ocean Rain	KOROVA/WEA
HOUSE OF COMMONS	Patriot EP	COMMON
PIL	Commercial Zone	PIL (UK)
RAYBEATS	It's Only a Movie	SHANACHIE (US)
RANK & FILE	Long Gone Dead	SLASH/WEA
NINA HAGEN	Angstlos/Fearless	CBS
HERBIE HANCOCK	Future Shock	COLUMBIA
THE REPLACEMENTS	Let It Be	TWIN-TONE (US)

TOP TEN AFRICAN ALBUMS OF 1984

1. HUGH MASAKELA	Techno Bush
2. JULUKA	Stand Your Ground
3. KING SUNNY ADE & HIS AFRICAN BEATS	Aura
4. GEORGE DARKO	Highlife Time
5. MANU DI BANGO	Abelle Dance
6. SONNY OKOSUNS & OZZIDI BAND	Which Way Nigeria?
7. HI-LIFE INTERNATIONAL	Music to Wake the Dead!
8. ERIC AGYEMANG	Wonko Menko?
9. SEIGNEUR TABU LEY	Live (In USA & Canada)
10. CHIEF COMMANDER EBENEZER OBEY & HIS INTER-REFORMERS BAND	Solution

You saw Red Herring win round one of...

SHiNdig

at the
SAVOY
6 Powell St.

*Now round two begins...27 original bands
battling for recording time and concert dates...
and new for '85, comedians every Monday.*

CITR is providing recording time
and musical equipment for the top
three bands.

Perryscope will book the winning
band at the Commodore Ballroom.

Commercial Electronics is
recording the entire finals of SHiNdig.

Watch for the album:

"SHiNdig-Live at the Savoy"
on the **ZULU-BIRD** label in July.

Bands you'll see in January

- | | |
|----|------------------|
| 14 | Dead Cats |
| | Bob's Your Uncle |
| | I.Zacks |
| 21 | Hands of Fate |
| | NG3 |
| | Doctors |
| 28 | Bongo Gestalt |
| | David Domino |
| | Coppertones |

BANDS

DO YOU WANT TO ENTER

SHiNdig!

Call Jay or Dave 228-3017

COMEDIANS

DO YOU HAVE 15 MINUTES OF
ORIGINAL MATERIAL?

GET INTO

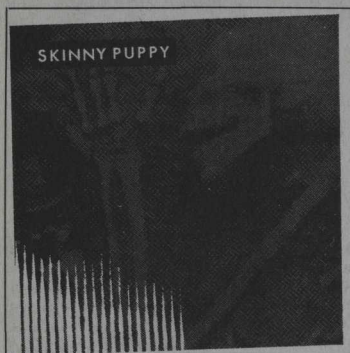
SHiNdig!

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produced and presented by

CITR fm 102

V·T·N·Y·L V·E·R·D·I·C·T



Skinny Puppy Remission

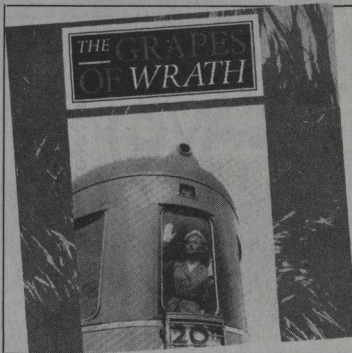
Moev Alibis

The Grapes of Wrath The Grapes of Wrath (Nettwerk Prod., Can.)

Vancouver has a lot to brag about in any conversation about music. Fortunately there are a lot of people out there who aren't satisfied to leave it at that. The recently formed Nettwerk Productions label, based in Vancouver, has given Vancouver's music scene a strong boost towards maintaining its towering credibility with the record releases of three local bands.

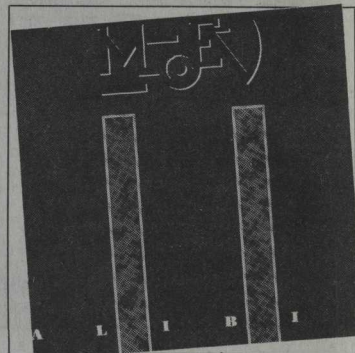
Moev is no stranger to anyone who's been in Vancouver for any period of time. Their *Touleyev* EP earlier this year came in the wake of their fragmentation/reformation, and unfortunately was sub-standard by anyone's measure. Happily with Moev's new extended 12" *Alibis* there is a return of the quality of music so obviously lacking with the earlier release. "Alibis" is a dance tune with a driving bass line, overlaid with staccato drum rhythms and chiming synth keyboards. The tune is infectious, and judging from the response on the dance floor of a local club, already quite popular. The production and mixing are top notch, serving to further enhance Moev's crisp synth and electronic sound.

The Grapes of Wrath are originally from Kelowna, but have recently moved to Vancouver.



The band's name conjurs up images of Steinbeck's novel and appropriately their music has the same effect in a round-about sort of way. "Down Under the Wire" sounds like what I would imagine U2 would sound like if they were from Inisfail, Alberta. While the other three songs on this EP are not that strongly image-evoking, there's lots of ringing/tinging guitar sounds with a solid bass and rhythm support, and minimal, if any, keyboards or electronics. Although musically strong, the vocals are contrastingly weak, and are mixed way back into the music. Still, GoW's tunes are catchy and easily hooked into one's preconscious, as I found myself humming "Laughing Out Loud" at the bus stop one day.

Nettwerk's final member of the triumvirate is Skinny Puppy. There has been an interesting reaction to the music on this six-song EP. As I listened to it in CTR's listening room one evening, everyone who happened to wander through commented on it. One person likened it to Images in Vogue, and another pointed out a similarity between it and Nocturnal Emissions' "Viral Shedding." Throughout the evening the list grew to include Ledernacken, New Order and Xmal Deutschland. I don't know if I agree explicitly with any of those likenesses, but there is undoubtedly something about the music that grabs your attention and racks your brain. Kevin Cey and Nivek Ogre handle all the electronic sounds and treatments that are such a pervasive part of Skinny Puppy's sound. Their hallmark undoubtedly is Nivek's vocals which have a throaty quality, like he's being throttled. It makes me want to cough and clear my throat. But, strangely enough he still manages to remain crudely melodic, complementing nicely the crisp electro-synth sound of their music. As with Moev's "Alibis," "Smothered Hope" from the EP has



gained immediate, strong acceptance on the dance floor. The remaining five songs are just as intriguing and musically sharp, and I expect it is only a matter of time before they start getting the heavy airplay they deserve. Certainly one of the most unexpectedly good albums to come out in a while.

Nettwerk Productions can be contacted by phoning (604) 687-8649, or by writing to Box 330, 1755 Robson Street, Vancouver, B.C., Canada, V6G 1C9.

—Beverly Demchuk

Lloyd Cole and the Commotions Rattlesnakes (Polydor UK)

Each year I wait, with some expectation, for a set of songs such as this. A set of songs well written, well played, and which function as a unit rather than a collection of 45s is a rarity. And when those songs arrive, and are attached to a charismatic person like Lloyd Cole it is little wonder that *Rattlesnakes* has so easily seized a prominent spot on my turntable.

Their sound is traditional rock much as would be written by The The, Elvis Costello, Tom Verlaine, or Poisoned. Singer Lloyd Cole loves the Staple Singers, Bob Dylan and the Velvet Underground. Naturally all those influences are heard here.

Lloyd Cole's voice. This voice has great texture. It is velvety smooth without being perfect.

It is unprocessed. It is unbelievable. His voice reminds me awfully of Matt Johnson (The The) and Ian McCulloch at his best.

The songs on *Rattlesnakes* have as much character and resonance as their singer's voice. As a lyricist, Cole impresses both his dry sense of humour and his poignant insights into relationships both personal and political. As musicians, the Commotions infuse their white folk rhythm and blues (ha!) with a liveliness and depth only occasionally heard on today's chart toppers.

Their sound is a guitar based sound but it's also a spacious sound. The guitars are gentle and warm, much like electrified acoustic instruments. Other sounds are used to make a richer song without creating needless instrumental clutter. On songs such as the enigmatic and moody "Speedboats" a wonderfully mysterious organ, reminiscent of early Tom Petty records, adds character.

"Four Flights Up" finds the organ competing with rampaging banjos and acoustic guitars. Elsewhere, strings accent songs. They float gently and unobtrusively in and out, adding levity to the music. "Rattlesnakes," the recent 45, is driven by those strings. Horns are similarly used to excellent effect throughout. And always, whether on "Four Flights Up" or on the languid "Heartbroken," the Commotions are great. Melody, lyrics, instruments and production—all reach a high standard on *Rattlesnakes*.

I agree with Lloyd Cole. Records are hard to get attached to. I get attached to people.

Today often the only attachment I understand reads \$\$\$\$\$. Lloyd Cole and the Commotions offer more. They don't pretend that they are going to change your life with music (FRAUD). They are normal people singing about their normal lives. They are people and songs to become attached to. Get the album *Rattlesnakes*, and it's 45's "Perfect Skin," "Forest Fire," and "Rattlesnakes." (No domestic release imminent.)

Looking like a born again/ Living like a heretic/ Listening to Arthur Lee records/ Making all your friends feel guilty/ About their cynicism/ And the rest of their generation/ Not even the government are gonna stop you now/ But are you ready to be heart-broken/ Pumped full of vitamins/ On account of all the seriousness/ You say you're happy now/ You can hardly stand/ Lean over on the bookcase/ If you really wanna get straight/ Read Norman Mailer/ Get a new tailor/ HEARTBROKEN What would it take to wipe that smile off your face.

—Jeffrey Kearney

UB40 Geffery Morgan (Virgin)

Inside a courtroom, somewhere soon.

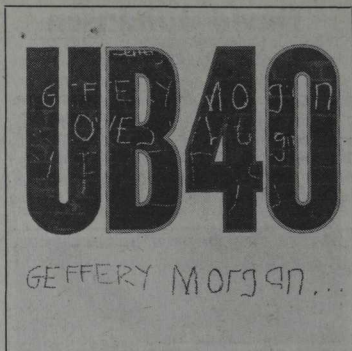
....

"Read the charges," blurts Judge John I. Masses ("I" for Informed) at the end of a weary day deciding the fates of those before him.

"The group UB40 is hereby charged with the composition and production of commercially viable music records," spouts the bailiff.

"How do you plead?" asks Masses, not facing the accused.

"Not guilty!" harmonize the members of the band (all the same folks—right down to Astro—



the fellow named after George Jetson's dog). "The prosecution will now present its case," says Masses.

The public prosecutor, Philip Skeptic, steps forward and says, "Your Honor, I call as my first (and only) witness one Mr. T. A. M. Jock." ("T" for Typical.)

With a flurry of grunts and snorts a bald, middle-aged, overfed creature waddles up to the witness box and oozes into his seat. He emanates a constant, high-pitched scraping noise indicating that both his neurons have whipped into action and are now furiously analyzing his situation.

"Tell me what you think of UB40," queries Skeptic.

"Oh wow, UB40! Like, is that really them? Can I get their autographs? Can I give them mine?" spews Jock, "I mean these guys are totally awesome y'know! And that new hit tune 'If It Happens Again' is climbing our charts like a monkey with four arms!"

"Where did you first hear about them?" asks Skeptic.

"Hey, like where else do music-smart dudes like me hear new bands—on 'American Bandstand,' of course," jets out Jock, now speaking so quickly that he spits with each word.

"Thank you, Mr. Skeptic," says Judge Masses. "Will the defense now present its case?"

A scrawny, sickly looking chap steps forward. Though he insists he's a lawyer, he goes by the name 'Doctor X.'

"These charges are absolute rubbish m'Lud—no truth to them at all," says X in his mid-England, industrial-strength accent. "These lads don't TRY to produce commercial music. They've been playing the same stuff for years, but have only been accused of commercialism since the

success of their last album *Labour of Love*. Is it their fault that they sell well in North America?"

Suddenly George Jetson's dog leaps out of his seat and begins chanting, "A moshun for de oshun and a fakshun for de akshun!"

"Down Astro!" shouts X, "You had more than your share of time for that on the latest release. That and your persistent clicking and clapping noises drove us all crazy... Please excuse Astro m'Lud. He hasn't been the same since he left Jamaica and his Rastafarian roots to play in this white reggae band—I guess that's why he changed his name."

"Carry on," says the Judge.

"As I was saying m'Lud, these boys still sing about the same things—the ills of Western society, unemployment, the class system, media brainwashing, suppression of the masses, apathy and

so on. They're also experimenting with some new things—cuts like "Knomo A Go Go" use African beats a la King Sunny Ade and "Your Eyes Were Open" and "The Pillow" are as much jazz as reggae. They even have their own record label, which allows them the freedom necessary to define their own musical destiny. Besides, if they can get their message out through record sales and still write pretty good music, is that such a bad thing?" Doctor X returns to his seat.

....

The verdict? Well, I'll let you be the judge of that. If you're a die-hard UB40 fan, I think you'll agree Geffery Morgan is not the best they've done, but it has its moments.

—Dave Harper

Penguin Cafe Orchestra Broadcasting From Home

"Really, Magnum! Your penchant for loafing is MOST abhorrent!"

Something about this line of work always appealed to me. Job security certainly isn't it, but something...maybe the fact that I had the run of Robin Master's estate for the weekend had something to do with it. Molokai beckoned, I was "in between" cases, and an old army buddy I'd met in 'Nam had left a copy of the new Penguin Cafe Orchestra record at the estate with no explanation. Rick and T.C. had gone to the mainland in search of fresh herring. The best thing to do seemed to be to just rest on the beach by the lagoon and take in the sun along with P.C.O.'s *Broadcasting From Home*. I should have known by their enthusiasm for performing such a mundane task, that Rick and T.C. were quite content to leave me to the torment of Higgins' reminiscing pathos.

It was the first lazy day I'd had in weeks. I know that if I was a regular "Dick," I'd be all over the islands scouting for a case of missing Auks last seen in a colony of sea lions or something to that effect. As it was, the luxuries afforded me by Robin Masters had taken their toll on my initiative. The fact that he had a Ferrari specially outfitted for a driver with webbed feet and stubby flippers tells the story. Now was the perfect time to just relax amongst the swaying palms and feel the ocean mist caress my face. I had taped the P.C.O. album earlier on in the day and was now listening, with sheer delight, on my grotto blaster (the name for a portable tape deck that I heard a cousin of mine use when I last visited him in the Antarctic). The only thing that could possibly have ruined a peaceful afternoon was...

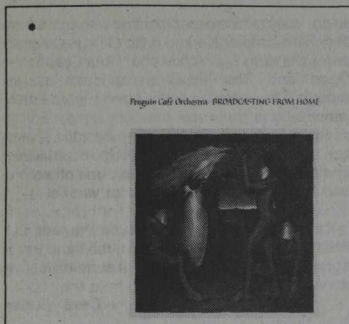
"Magnum! I'm quite taken by your surprising show of good taste. What IS this DELIGHTFUL music you're listening to?"

"It's by the Penguin Cafe Orchestra." The irritability in my voice was barely concealed.

"Really, Magnum. I asked you a straightforward question..." insisted Higgins.

"That's the name of the group. It's the brainchild of multi-instrumentalists Simon Jeffes and Geoffrey Richardson. The album is called *Broadcasting From Home* and DON'T ask me..." I try to stay the hand of inevitability.

"Why do they call it *Broadcasting From*



Home? finished Higgins as if he were reading lines from a script.

I hadn't the heart to tell Higgins that the title is the result of a whimsical suggestion on the part of one of Jeffes' friends. In the middle of this trivial exchange, the grotto blaster had clicked to a halt as the tape ended. There would maybe some time to indulge in the disc later.

"Well, anyway..." continued Higgins, "it's wonderful stuff. I haven't heard anyone play the ukelele like that since 1943. It was in North Africa just after Tobruk. As I recall, we were camped out beside a great mud hut which we were later to find out was the local bordello. Well, it's a funny thing really, what with our being a group of battle-weary troops and all..."

At this point I almost wished Rick and T.C. would get back with the herring. I could at least bare to have my musical euphoria dissolved by the promise of a good noosh.

"HIGGINS! I DON'T WANT TO HEAR IT! JUST LEAVE ME ALONE!" I snapped.

To my surprise, he took heed, said he was going to the local record hut, presumably in order to buy a copy of this record so that he too could have his faith in the sheer delight of listening to music restored.

The next thing I know, I hear the sound of an approaching gun ship. Visions of 'Nam shatter my newfound peace of mind. It was an old trick we used to use to rile the V.C. out of hiding. We'd play tapes of all this shrieking and howling over a loudspeaker from the chopper's window and

the V.C. would think it was a visit from their evil demons. But this...this was different. It was soothing, beautiful, like it was sent from above. It was. The chopper touched down. Rick and T.C. got out of the cockpit, both smiling, carrying bags of fresh herring.

"Very funny, guys!" I called, in a somewhat shaky voice.

"We just thought you could use a good practical joke," they chorried. Well, I have to admit that it DID make things interesting. As it had turned out, I was right. It was the same trick we'd used in 'Nam, only they were playing a track from the new Penguin Cafe Orchestra album out of the chopper's window. It was called "Isle of View (Music for Helicopter Pilots)".

I looked down at the bags of herring.

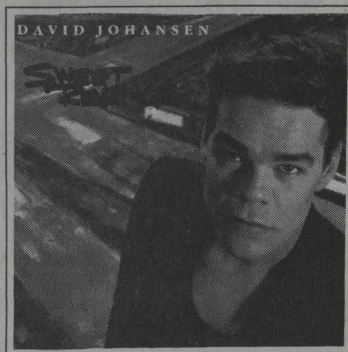
"Let's DIG IN!"

—Magnum Opus P.I.
(Penguin Investigator)

David Johansen Sweet Revenge

Dear Anne:

My fourteen year old son Tom, not his real name, is a devoted fan of Twisted Sister and Billy Idol. He has their records and posters splattered all over his room and it's becoming unbearable. Lately, I've been trying to convince Tom that his



favorite bands are just trying to imitate the late great New York Dolls. I've also been trying to convince him that the N.Y. Dolls former lead singer David Johansen, is an exceedingly cool and decadent rock 'n' roller. The kind of individual that every adolescent boy should try to emulate. Unfortunately though, I just picked up the latest David Johansen album, *Sweet Revenge*, and noticed that D.J. has donned a bozo-gelled-fashion-dance-haircut look. I'm now very worried that David may have gone wimpy, and that my attempts to impress my son will only earn him his contempt and mistrust. Sign me,

WORRIED ROCK MOM

Dear Worried:

Wake up and smell the coffee. So what if David looks like he's preparing for an Entertainment Tonight interview, he can still serve up some pretty solid rock. This album, his fifth since leaving the Dolls, is a well-rounded and honest effort that should impress even the most Foxed-out adolescent.

Sweet Revenge is composed of nine songs, all D.J. originals. The best cuts on the album include "Heard the News," a political love song with enough veiled references to El Salvador that it should have mom contemplating Central America, while it's sexual references should have young Tom contemplating that certain girl at school. "Big Trouble"—a tune that Tom and his friends should have blaring from their Walkmans as they get ready to vandalize their school on a Friday night. "Stinkin' Rich"—a song which should serve as a remedy for anyone sick of the *Ghostbusters* theme. Instead of asking who ya gonna call, this song asks who ya gonna hate? You got it. The stinkin' rich. And the last cut on the album, "N.Y. Doll," serves not only as an acknowledgement of Dave's old transvestite days, but also reminds us not to expect any more high heels and mascara. Dave has left all that garb behind for the outdated heavy metal cement-heads.

Sweet Revenge is in some ways just that. On

D.J.'s two previous albums, *Live It Up*—a live album—and *Here Comes the Night*, he made stabs at attaining commercial airplay. Now, D.J. seems to have decided to ignore his critics' and detractors' demands for commercial pop, and has instead put out a really solid rockin' kind of album. *Sweet Revenge* won't get David FM airplay or interviews on MTV, but then Dave doesn't care. Because, like he says on this album, his sweet revenge is that he doesn't want to become part of the stinkin' rich. As for any further advice to Worried Mom, well, if listening to *Sweet Revenge* does not convince you and your son Tom that David Johansen is still exceedingly cool, then I suggest that you have bats in your belfry.

—Jerome Broadway's Aunt



Scraping Foetus Off The Wheel

Hole
Self Immolation (UK)

Disgusting. I mean the name of the band, which should cause godfearing folks to toss (at least Morgentaler had the sense to chuck 'em in the garburator). And the album title, which could mean anything, but considering the content, likely refers to that slag term for female genitalia. And the cover art. Some yummy examples of Maoist Chinese "Socialist Realism" (you know, Girl meets Tractor. Yuk).

The person responsible for this apparent travesty is a single-minded young man who calls himself Jim Foetus. Reputedly a New Zealander by birth, Mr. Foetus records with a number of band names, the best known being You've Got Foetus on Your Breath. All of these bands had a love for manic-mash in the tradition of Australia's Birthday Party. (What makes these transplanted Antipodeans so strange?)

In spite of the deliberately hideous concept and packaging, the actual record is very good, although not to everyone's taste. The music is raw and uncompromising, with enough variation to be interesting over a whole album, and competently executed by an anonymous group of musicians.

The lyrics are multi-layered, with differing degrees of sexual, social, and political commen-

tary in each song, expressed in Mr. Foetus' unique (deviant? not playing with a full deck?) style. In spite of occasional incoherence, the lyrics express a certain degree of common sense in attacking the world's, and Mr. Foetus' own, problems.

Mr. Foetus' singing (screaming? ranting?) is largely understandable, but the lyric sheet is sometimes helpful. He treads the fine line between control and loss of control; this contrast is one thing that makes the album intriguing.

The album has light touches, such as in "Sickman," where Mr. Foetus talks about someone he doesn't like, and then goes into a mutant version of "Batman," ending with "na na na na—Sick-Maaan!" I find this silliness integrated with a serious subject appealing, because it is fun, and it takes the piss out of those boring jackoff music makers who think they are Thomas Mann, or someone equivalently deep and pompous (with disastrous results).

Unfortunately, I only had a chance to give the album a couple of brief listens, but I don't think *Hole* will get boring with more spins. A desire to hear more of a record is almost always a good sign. This record proves that Mr. Foetus is not a candidate for postnatal abortion.

—Rob Simms

The dBs Like This



It's never over until it's over. Was it Yogi Berra or David Bowie who said that? Probably Bowie. I was beginning to think that it was the bottom of the ninth and two outs for the dBs, victims of perhaps the most glaring oversight in the history of the pop music industry. Here was a band that had, by 1982, released two excellent albums and a string of wonderful singles. Everybody who heard them, liked them. The problem was that not too many people got the opportunity to hear the dBs because their records were never released in North America—and they're Americans. Only in Britain, you say? Pity.

Despite Peter Holsapple's denials, I was convinced that the dBs had effectively disbanded sometime last year.

What a pleasant surprise then, after a two-year respite, to witness the re-emergence of the dBs, albeit minus guitarist Chris Stamey, who has left to pursue a solo career. They don't seem to miss him too much on their third album, *Like This*, released on Bearsville Records, an American label (they couldn't be all totally dense, I

suppose).

Like This is by no means a musical departure for the dBs. In fact, it is much the same as *Repercussion* and *Stands for Decibels*, their two previous albums—dominated by bouncy hook-filled pop. Lots of guitars, catchy as hell. This time, however, it's the Peter Holsapple show.

Previously, Chris Stamey had shared the songwriting duties with Holsapple and the balance of their individual skills was a good one. Here the tunes all belong to Holsapple, and they're all further proof of his immense talent. Gone is some of the more obvious madcap quirkiness and experimentation that characterized Stamey's work, but that essential feeling of uplifting melancholia is still intact. *Like This* is a must record for every rainy day dance party.

I suppose that if I was forced to make a distinction between *Like This* and the band's previous work, I would cite the production and the playing. Overall the sound is much looser and breezier but there's still enough energy to keep the angst sufficiently in check. However, the band

are undoubtedly in search of the hit record which they so richly deserve. In fact, they seem so determined to get some chart mileage out of "Amplifier" (from *Repercussion*) that they've included it, virtually unchanged, on the new album.

Speaking of hits, the new dBs single "Love is for Lovers" was recently featured on American Bandstand's Rate-A-Record and came off not too shabbily, tied in points with that week's latest smarmy faceless disco wavo chartbuster, whatever it was. If it's toward the mainstream pop music that the dBs wish to turn, the sanction of Dick Clark and those like him is certainly cause for encouragement. I'd love to hear the dBs on AM radio because, in an ideal world, that's where they belong.

Let's face it, if half the drivel we now call "mainstream" was of the calibre of an average dBs song, I think that we'd be inclined to view the whole notion of "mainstream" with less of the repugnance and resignation that we do now. Good Luck.

—Steve Robertson

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Singles

This month reviewed by Brian Maitlart from "Over The Wall" headquarters.

BILL OF RIGHTS - Meltdown '85 EP (No Rights Records)

Six solid hardcore tunes (not thrash) comprise this excellent 7" EP. The sound quality is great, especially the guitar sound which is a cross between *Agent Orange* and *Social Distortion*. "The Core" is the best song on the record featuring a gutsy bass line framing some good lyrics: "politicians talking backwards." "C-9" starts off with ten seconds of the Batman theme and is guaranteed for maximum slamming in the pits. Then, of course, no Meltdown record should be left without its anti-nuclear message which "What Do You Say" provides. All in all, Bill Of Rights have provided Vancouver with an energetic follow-up to their first single ("Decide") and local or otherwise, this is a good disc to spin on your turntable.

LES CALAMITIES - A Bien Abbattue 12" EP (Posh Boy)

Finally a French group that doesn't sound like Charles Aznavour. This three girl/one guy group churn out eight classic pop tunes. You have to hear them sing "The Kids Are Alright" and "Teach Me How To Shimmy" in their delightful French accents. But surprisingly the standout cuts are the originals such as "Malhabile" and "Toutes Les Nuits," which are bright pop in the *Dolly Mixture* vein (this also proves that understanding lyrics is not utmost in enjoying pop tunes). So not only do the French have fine taste in American bands (i.e. witness the releases on

Lolita and New Rose Records), hopefully this is the tip of the iceberg of French talent soon to be infiltrating the airwaves.

MUDMEN - Back From Papua EP (Irian Barat Records)

Wow! And double wow! This record blows the tribal headress off King Bunny Lemonaid and his overindulgent Nigerian rhythms. Minimalistic, primitive and untouched by civilization make this record a Third World delight. To think such sounds could be emanating from Oceania boggles the mind. The dance rhythms are totally unique and from Australian fanzine reports I've been perusing lately, these guys are amazing live. Touches of Talking Heads' guitar rhythms appear on "Fire Wind," while on the standout cut "Subsistence," we get unique drum patterns that certainly set a feverish pace guaranteed to get you up on the dance floor. If you can't dance to this record then you must have rigor mortis.

IAN McCULLOCH - Cookies and Mussels

Echo and the Bunnymen's leader has seen fit to branch off to record this single. WHY? It sounds nice on an Irish pub song level with a nice accordion sound all put to a sea shanty like backdrop. Maybe it's the Captain Sensible syndrome which seems to hit every British band with one member branching off to seek star recognition. Ian, please go back to work on the next Bunnymen LP we are all anxiously awaiting and stop this divel.

YOUTH BRIGADE - Who Can You Believe In

Anyone who saw Youth Brigade in August will know they put out a lot of energy live and this record is no different. The driving bass line powers this song along while the vocals are a bit reminiscent of *TSOL's* lead singer in their darker days. The tuneful guitar suggests Youth Brigade are changing direction a little with a slightly more Doorsy doom and gloom vein coming to the fore.

STRETCH MARKS - Bad Moon (Rising) (Head But Records)

This hardcore punk outfit from Winnipeg burst out with a fast and furious tune. The drumming here is your basic fast hardcore beat but the guitar is strong and varied. The vocalist sounds like he gargles with motor oil but the tune still rips. The repetition of the title line gets monotonous after awhile but I could listen to that burst of guitar anytime.

SISTERS OF MERCY - Walk Away (WEA Records)

The singer sounds like a Bowie clone but the guitar sound is impressive with touches of New Order here and there. In fact if these guys picked up the pace a little, this would be a killer single. It's just that I can only take so many Bowie clone singers. Wasn't Peter Murphy enough?

TOXIC REASONS - God Bless America (Sky Saw Records)

No, Toxic Reasons have not gone all Kate Smith on us. This is their anti-tribute to the country we all love to hate. The drummer smashes and thrashes away keeping the tune fresh, and the lyrics hit the appropriate targets from Billy Graham to the CIA. And to top it off, they may have the slogan of the year: "Land of the free, Home of the slaves."

FEARGAL SHARKEY - Listen To Your Father (Virgin)

I love the *Undertones* but hated the *Assembly* single and now Feargal has gone totally upfront and solo with no better results. God, this sounds like something off "Sin Of Pride" (the last *Undertones* LP) and in fact has the guitar sound even more buried under horns, horns, and more horns. Feargal still has that great quavering quality in his voice but without "Jimmy, Jimmy" guitars, it is nothing. Feargal states "I bet you never listen to your father," and I bet a lot of "Tones fans will change that to "I bet we'll never listen to our Feargal again!"

MOEV - Alibis/Hal/Chairman 12" single (Nettwerk)

Run of the mill electroslop from local fave raves (by whom - Ed.) and no wonder given the loss of the ever wonderful Madelaine Morris. This is really a tuneless wonder and no wonder Madelaine left this rubble.

The song "Ha! (Bible Belts)" is possibly the worst political songwriting attempt by any band let alone local. The lyrics are indiscernible so why bother titling it at all? The rest all sound totally un-unique from any other faceless technocrap. This is destined to be local frisbee of the year.

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NO FUN - Talkin' 'Bout The Mundane/Crocodile Tears

If B.C. had ever had a Stiff record label, No Fun would've been on it. Then we could've had our very own Wreckless Eric. Unpretentious, uncluttered pop with an edge provided by a sardonic, wry humour. A worthy successor to Me and Warren Beatty, No Fun is quite the opposite.

NG3 - Fuckhead/Sheltered World

More gargle-on-drano vocals, more guitar reverb and distortion; the only words I could make out on "Fuckhead" were "You're so stupid, stupid, stupid..." On "Sheltered World" he comes quite close to actually singing. It's generally more tolerable, if only because it's not as heavy metal as a lot of this sort of stuff tends to be. How does that rhyme go, 'Something borrowed, nothing new, everything's old an' I'm so blue'? At just over two minutes apiece, at least the songs are mercifully short.

OUT OF PROPORTION - Radio Void

Bolero who? If they tread carefully to avoid anything that resembles



Lava, these folks could go places. On the strength of just the one song, perhaps that comparison and that hope are somewhat premature; I don't know, I'd have to hear more. Raw, urgent pop-funk with some original touches that I'd like to see them develop.

SECOND LANGUAGE - Strange Atmosphere

Harmless, inoffensive pop. Nothing striking or original to make it stand out, but it's by no means a write-off. Keep working and let's hear your next one.

THE RAYVE - On The Hunt

U2 meets a deep-voiced Nik Fiend, who gleefully slips the Rayve a free pass into The Batcave. Vocals are buried in the guitars, but that's okay, at least you can dance to it, I think. I wonder what it was they were on the hunt for...? Ah well, I've heard worse.

THE WEST - Face Of The Earth/ I No Show

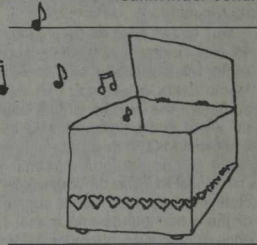
Vancouver Gripped by Dance-floor Craze! Panic in the Nightclubs! Why?! Who Cares?! AM Radio Stations! Who Else?! Er...

CELEBRITY DRUNKS - Ode To A Dreamer

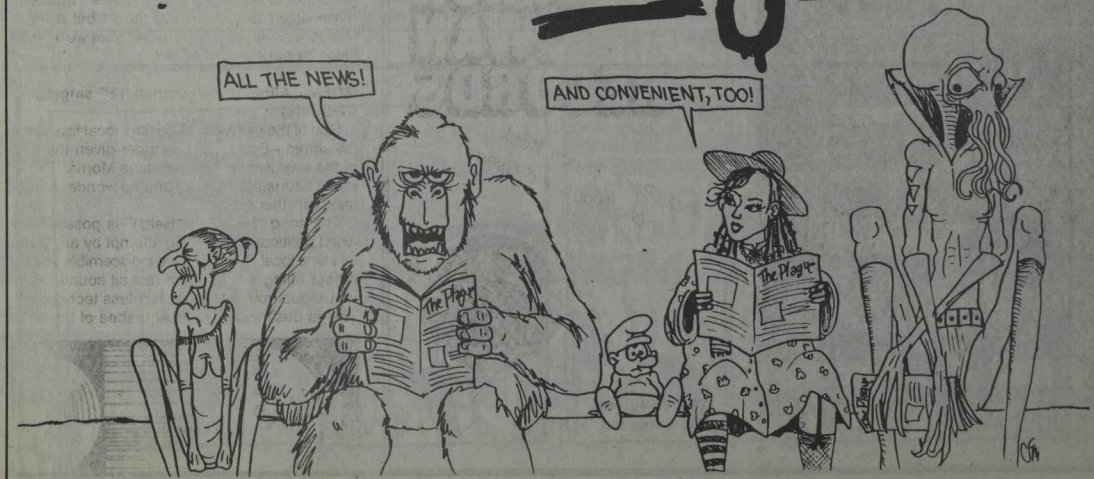
Easily the demo of the month. Since their debut single "Laugh 'til I Cry" with its gruff vocals and general party-atmosphere disposability, The Drunks (don't you just love inventing pet names?) have added a female singer and gotten serious. Using just bass, acoustic and electric guitars and some tape effects, they weave a slow, compelling landscape, a mood piece, neither rock 'n' roll nor industrial-experimental. Just as the mournful vocal makes you feel empathetic, a harsh, upfront guitar rakes your spine to keep you engrossed—but from a distance.

Destined to become one of the more popular local releases of 1985. It's very original, very interesting and very good.

—Sukhvinder Johal



The Plague



The Roving Ear



...this month from T.O.

It was brought to our attention here at the Mag that our little ears have been roving in a decidedly North-South manner. They have twice ventured deep into the heart of Texas and have twice again visited our Western brothers in Calgary and Edmonton. Bearing this in mind and knowing that our Eastern kinkfolk develop deep feelings of inferiority when they feel slighted by the West, we decided to remedy the situation.

The DISORDER jet was fuelled (the cheap ink and paper is just a front, you know), the Faty Arbuckle suite at the Royal York reserved and yours truly dispatched to Trana (pronounced Toe Ron Toe).

You would tend to think that in a city like Toronto—a city full of wealth, power and glamour, a city filled with the best things: the Toronto Maple Leafs, a lake you can walk on (even in summer), the world's largest phallic symbol—an air of complacency would set in. But no, wherever M.O.R. raises its ugly head an alternative will be put forth (hopefully).

The key to T.O.'s thriving music scene is the clubs themselves. There is such an abundance of them that bands—no matter how obscure, eccentric or even obnoxious—have audiences and specific venues that cater to them.

My first foray into the night was an evening of cultural extremes. After witnessing a stellar performance by Ricki Lee Jones at stately old Massey Hall I was directed up Young Street (read: cesspool) to Frankenstein's. Modelled after London's famed Bat Cave, Frankenstein's is a black abyss that sports a barbed wire ceiling, dismembered dolls, a bartender who is literally behind bars, and is a premier club to catch good, fast hard core. On my initial visit I caught sets by someone known simply as The Pope doing a one-man show a la I, Braineater, and the most blistering set of music I have witnessed this year by a band called Destruction. On subsequent trips I caught the Absolute Whores killing an

Elvis song for you, and The Viletones, who host a hard core jam on Sundays.

Larry's Hideaway also sponsors Sunday hard core jams but have a more diverse booking policy the remainder of the week with acts ranging from Ornette Coleman to locals Terraced Garden who successfully practice the lost art of progressive rock with two LPs *Melody* and *Menace* and Braille to their credit.

A four or five block area of Queen Street West houses the trendiest and most eclectic of Toronto's venues. The newest addition to the area is the Bamboo Club. Although ostensibly a big money club they have opted for (deep breath) '50's hi-tech Polynesian decor replete with grass awnings and a glitzy paint job. The tropical ambience happily extends into the Bamboo's band selection as they draw extensively from Toronto's abundance of Jamaican and Caribbean bands.

I attended a benefit for the Black Music Association of Canada and was treated to a great night of reggae featuring The Militants and esso Jackson. Wednesdays are reserved exclusively for reggae and you are always assured of catching a good local band.

The Rivoli has almost become eligible to be called venerable as it was one of the leaders in the Queen Street West Renaissance. Longevity certainly hasn't spawned apathy though; as the Rivoli wins the diverse booking award hands down. A typical one-week period saw performances by Chicago bluesman Jim Brewer, a night of Brazilian film, a Hungarian folk duo followed up by a night of beat poetry and performance by John Giorno. This let up to a four night showcase of local comedy, poetry and music billed as the 2nd Annual Benefit for the Emily Stowe Shelter for Women.

For a good night of casual beer swilling you can't beat Monday nights at the Beverly Tavern, where you can witness a pagan ritual known as

the Church of the Fallen Elvis. Led by the Reverend Baby Jesus Houston, it's basically free-form open mike and a hell of a lot of fun.

Other clubs of note: **The Copa**—fairly hi-tech with a booking policy similar to the Commodore. **The Diamond**—a New York style dance club (see: expensive).

Names in the News—Stars on the Rise: Being in close proximity to The Big Apple, New York culture abounds in Toronto and performance poetry is currently all the rage. Two noteworthy practitioners of this genre are Maja Bannerman and Robert Priest.

Bannerman recently released a book of her work entitled *Songs, Poems, Performance Pieces* and has been working with the Bill Smith Ensemble.

Robert Priest is a very diverse performer somewhat in the Jim Carroll vein, performing sets of ambient music with Neo Chapman of Pukka Orchestra, giving solo poetry readings and fronting his own band Great Big Face.

Micha Barnes was recommended highly to me and she was not a disappointment—the funk, R&B songstress is definitely one to watch.

Drummer Crash Morgan has formed an all-star reggae band called Sing Sing comprised of local reggae veterans Pat Berthelotte (2 Pulse 3), Cliff Persaud (Strike One) and Sam Weller (Sunforce).

Shadowy Men on a Shadowy Planet are the only Toronto band I'm aware of from the Rank & File, R.E.M., Scorchers school of music that we Left Coast types love so dearly.

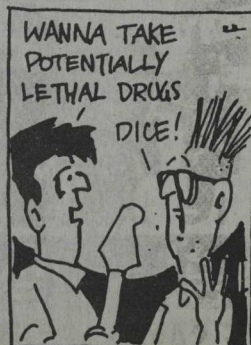
On Your Radio and In Your Eye: Ryerson's CKLN continues to spread the commercial free gospel at 50 watts and 88.1 on your FM dial. In nearby Hamilton, McMaster has resurrected CFMU and pulled off a major coup last month by getting the dBs to play a legion perched high atop 300-foot Hamilton Mountain (no plans for the dBs to travel West). CFNY, although a commercial venture, pounds out palatable music at a staggering 100,000 watts from high atop the CN erection.

Publications of note include *The Nerve* published by Ryerson, very hip, good graphics, and *Now* magazine which is the weekly entertainment guide a la *Georgia Straight* only with substance.

Epilogue: By the time you read this I'll be well into my second week at the DISORDER condo on Maui, but fear not—we'll sacrifice another mind next month when the Roving Ear visits beautiful downtown....

—Jim Main

WOMBAT



HILBRANT

SAVOY

Moondance

JANUARY

1985

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
★ star denotes cover at club opening vancouver debut PROOF by 9 C.I.T.R. SHIN-DIG	K. D. LANG truly a western experience ★ AMANDA HUGHES soul from T.O. B.B. Gabor MANGO DUB	with guests ANIMAL SLAVES the Rocking Edsells ROCKING FOOLS			
	Red Herring with guests Maria Muldaur \$1.00				

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